thought of the university, he snapped: "No comment." Tom Sr. spoke to his son in private. Later Tom Jr. announced that he thought the university was "wonderful." Dewey made no bones about wishing he had left the boys at home. "They got too much attention," he said sadly, "and much of the good work Mrs. Dewey and I put in on them was undone."

ARMY & NAVY

More Brass

Army & Navy brass hats, who had been nervously fingering their temporary wartime stars ever since V-J day, were feeling a little starchier last week. In the last-minute rush of closing, Congress had authorized a nearly 400% increase in the number of permanent generals and admirals. Since 1939 the Navy had rated only 86 permanent flag officers, the Army 71 generals. Under the new setup the Navy would have 195, the Army 184 and the new, autonomous Air Force 150.

But even so all the wartime bigwigs would not hold onto their brass. Still in the process of weeding out the excess stars, the Army (including its air arm) last week had 500 generals on the rolls, the Navy 400 admirals.

POLITICAL NOTES

No Meat, No Drink

In Manhattan last week, 500 delegates to a convention of the American Naturopathic Association formed the American Vegetarian Party and nominated a 1948 presidential candidate. Their man: Dr. John Maxwell, 84, Jove-bearded, pint-sized proprietor of a Chicago vegetarian restaurant, who says he has tasted no meat for 45 years. He hoped to get some 5,000,000 votes; 3,000,000 from vegetarians, the rest from "prohibitionists, anti-vivisectionists, anti-cigaret groups and other people of similar high moral principle."

The prohibitionists already had their own man. The Prohibition Party's presidential nominee was Dr. Claude A. Watson, 62, onetime minor league ballplayer, now a Free Methodist preacher in Los Angeles. This was pink-cheeked Dr. Watson's second try; he polled 75,000 votes in 1944. He opened his 1948 campaign last week with a barn-storming tour of dry Kansas, flying in his own plane. He hoped to do better this time. Said he: "If the church people vote like they pray and if the prohibitionists stand fast . . . I will be the next President."

Associated Press

VIGIL'S END

The day before this picture was taken, Mrs. Agnes Thomas spread a picnic lunch beside a reservoir near Van Nuys, Calif., then began calling for her seven-year-old daughter and her nine-year-old son. Neither answered. Casually, then frantically, she began searching the area near where they had been wading. A lifeboat with dragging-hooks arrived; its crew toiled long after dark, found nothing. The next morning a husky lifeguard put on an incongruous set of rubber swim fins, joined the search. He discovered both children lying dead in six feet of water. He waded out with the little girl's body and laid it gently on the shore. Hysterically Mrs. Thomas cried: "We don't have any more babies!"

FLORIDA

The Red Tide

At St. Petersburg, the tarpon boats lay idle at their piers. Down the coast at Sarasota, merchants glumly watched the summer vacationists pack their bags and leave. The beach hot-dog stands were deserted at Indian Rocks and Pass-a-Grille; many beach cottages were empty. Under the hot summer sun, the stench of rotting fish seeped into houses, clung to clothes. The strange phenomenon which Floridians called the "Red Tide" had come back to the Gulf Coast.

The Red Tide had appeared off the west coast of Florida last January (TIME, Feb. 10). Fishermen first noticed long, wavering streaks of reddish-amber smudging the blue Gulf waters. Floating in the streaks, bellies up, were thousands of dead fish.

By the thousands, the carcasses had washed ashore on the beaches between Boca Grande and Naples.

Mottled Death. The amber streaks disappeared. Then, in the middle of July, the Red Tide reappeared off Gasparilla Island. Slowly, it worked northward, dissipating mysteriously, as mysteriously reforming. Last week off St. Petersburg, the Red Tide stretched in mottled patches over an area 60 miles long and 25 miles wide. As it spread, fish flopped crazily on the edges and died. Flies buzzed over their rotting carcasses on the beaches. Shore residents suffered headaches, burning throats and coughs.

Those who tried swimming in the infected water complained of breaking out in a rash. Strangely, no sea birds wheeled and screamed over the decaying mass. They had disappeared.

60 Million to a Quart. At first, fishermen made big hauls of redfish, mullet, and grouper, which fled into the shallow bays and inlets to escape the plague. But their catches stayed in the fish houses. People did not feel like eating fish.

No one knew for certain what had caused the phenomenon. Dr. F. G. Walton Smith, director of the University of Miami's Marine Laboratory, was sure it was a sudden multiplication of a new species of tiny, one-celled organisms called gymnodinium. He had found as many as 60 million of them in a quart of "red" water. The fish were killed either by a poison secreted by these organisms or as a result of their death and decay, he thought. Their sudden appearance might be explained by an increase in the phosphate content of Gulf water from phosphate plants near Tampa.

Property-owners manned shovels and wheelbarrows, held their noses and tried to bury the fish. Beaches were drenched with DDT. At week's end, the Red Tide still mottled the Gulf. The only hope for suffering Floridians was that a storm would break up the amber plague or carry it somewhere else.

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THE UNIV ... T JUSTIN

He Has a Weird Television Menagerie

Ivan Sanderson Scores A Hit With His Rare and Exotic Creatures on Air

SERIES
W. T. & SUN JUL 30 1953

Last of a Series.

By FREDERICK WOLTMAN,
Staff Writer.

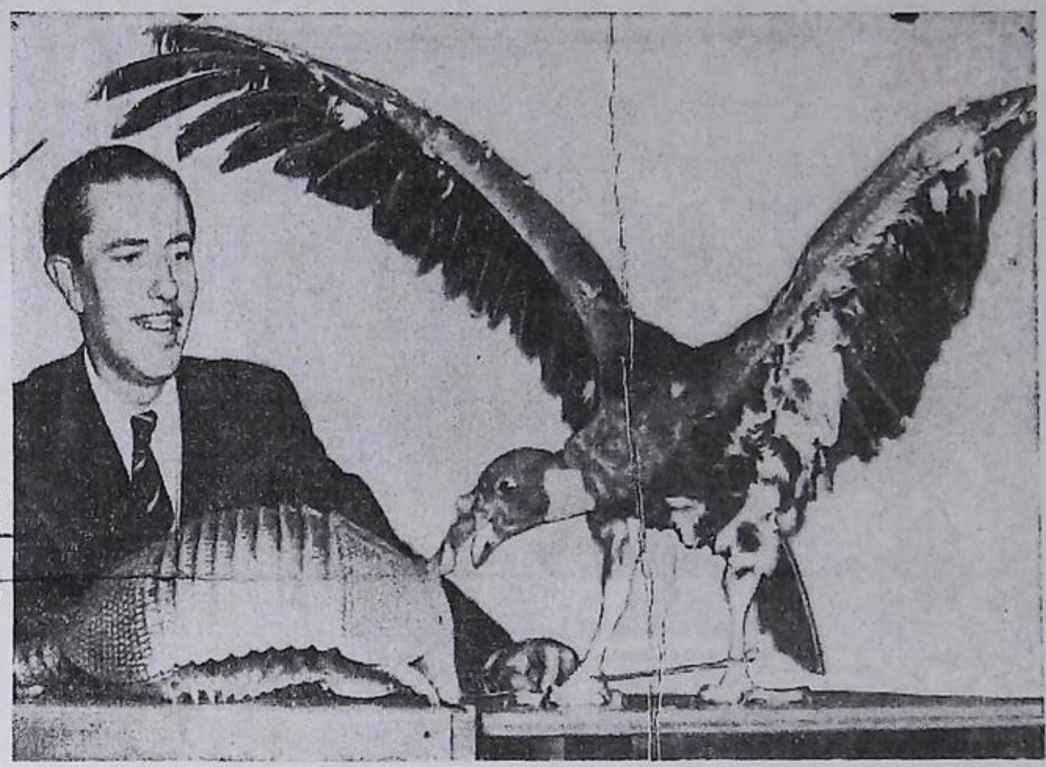
Radio Station WITH in Baltimore was in a fix. Its disk jockey had been larding his program with tales of his pet, Chumley, a weird creature of practically unknown genus.

Chumley was fast becoming both a mystery and a byword. As interest mounted, demands flowed in that the animal be produced.

Chumley couldn't be produced. Chumley was imaginary. So WITH sent a desperate call for help to Ivan Terence Sanderson.

Sanderson, a graduate of Cambridge University whose great-great-grandfather first made Vat 69, scanned his animal repertory. He found one that measured up, a rare kind of West African lemur with enormous eyes, called a galago. Chumley became a galago, in person.

This was hardly more than a routine chore among the abundant and fascinating achievments of Ivan T. Sanderson.



Ivan T. Sanderson, who scouts rare and exotic animals for television, above introduces his armadillo to a king vulture. At left, a spectacled owl and an owl-faced monkey pose compatibly on their master's arms. Photos by Palumbo.

Distinguished Naturalist.

As television's rare and exotic animal expert, he has probably imparted more zoological data over the airwaves and introduced more unusual jungle fauna over TV than all other naturalists rolled into one.

Sanderson animals, under the registered name of Animodels, have appeared on some 700 programs, accompanied by the erudite but lighthearted and witty commentary of their owner.

They run from a crab-eating raccoon from South America and a king vulture that stands on his shoulder to a frisky armadillo; a Borneo civet that has never been classified and takes several hours to collar for a show; a six-foot emu; a leopard-like paradine jenet; a coati mundi and a bug-eyed monster, scientifically called a douroucouli.

His young grison, a South American weasel, is a sure-fire hit on food product shows. For grison pups are excessively greedy; indeed, if permitted, will eat themselves unconscious. They love all food products. And a hungry grison youngster rolls them in the aisles.

Black-Plumed Marmoset.

His star is Skippy, a black-plumed marmoset, that brings $150-a-show. After 202 TV engagements, Skippy is now in semi-retirement.

Ivan's appearances on all the networks and his current 18-month weekly run on the Garry Moore show over CBS-TV have turned him into an information bureau on natural history.

He gets about 30 queries a week, from video fans who want to know what to do with a pet monkey that's got rough; how to collect seashells from islands off the West African coast; how to identify a jawbone found on the Jersey shore. The last one turned out to be the skull of a rare dolphin never before seen off the eastern shores of North America.

Last year Explorers Pictures, Inc., asked Ivan to look over 2,000,000 feet of African wild animal movies it had assembled. His assistant, Eddie Schoenenberger, selected a random can of the film and played it on the wall of the Sanderson headquarters at 325 W. 45th St.

A Shocking Picture.

The very first scene showed a charging rhinoceros. A bullet, coming from the direction of the camera, hit the rhino in the nose. As the animal swerved out of camera range, a human leg shot up past one corner of the picture.

After the first shock, Ivan got the pitch.

It was the leg of his father who was killed by the charging rhino on his game preserve in Kenya in 1924.

The films were taken by Martin and Osa Johnson and this fragment appeared in their movie "Cimba."

Subsequently, Ivan helped edit the Johnson footage into 26 half-hour TV shows, "The Big Game Hunt," which is running currently in eight cities. Each film he opens and closes with one of his Animodels.

Of nine animal books he has written, "Animal Treasure" was a 1937 Book-of-the-Month Club choice. One critic wrote: "I know of no book that brings the African jungle nearer to the armchair."

Scientific Background.

Back of his showmanship and animal scouting for television, Ivan, now 42, has a solid scientific grounding. After Eton, he majored in zoology, botany and geology at Cambridge. He led six scientific expeditions to Africa, the West Indies, Mexico and South America for the British Museum, the Royal Society of London and similar sedate institutions.

Some of what he calls "the pompou titles of my more scientific opera" include:

"The Amphibians of the Mamfe Division, Cameroons—(2) Ecology of the Frogs," Zoological Society of London.

"A Journey in Dutch Guiana," Geographical Society, and "Techniques for Dating Cave Deposits," National Speological Society of America, of which he's a vice president.

Suspended Animation.

For a quarter of a century, he has collected odd facts in natural history. These are stored in bulging files and incorporated as Ivan Sanderson, Inc., a professional research unit.

A current project, for a California chemical concern, involves a study of suspended animation in spiders, caused by the sting of an African wasp. Instead of dying, the spiders live nine months, as if refrigerated. The firm would like to get hold of four grams of the serum.

"Right now we're trying to identify the particular wasp out of 10,000 species," he says. "We're going through the entire literature of wasps."

Last year he started a private zoo in collabration with the Stamford Museum. There he keeps some of his expanding list of 40 rare Animodels. Their collection and training, for TV and other exhibition, he incorporated as Animal Treasures, Inc. Mrs. Sanderson is the office manager.

Ivan began to collect moths at five, while going to an English private school; also became curious about hieroglyphics. Next year he wrote the head of the British Museum, asking for a complete list of African antelopes. As a result, museum officials took the lad under wing.

Between Eton and Cambridge, his mother let him take a trip around the world. Spent his 17th birthday inspecting the Egyptain pyramids. In Ceylon he collected rats for the British Museum.

In 1935 he made a study of vampire bats for the government of Trinidad, where they were spreading an epidemic of rabies. Found the blood-lapper fed not only off humans and cattle but off all creatures with blood, including frogs.

"Bats are a frightfully important part of the economy. Some species eat twice their weight nightly," Ivan points out.

Writes Book on Whaling.

At 10 he spent a season on a Norwegian whaler. Now, after 10 years' research, he's finishing a definitive book on whales and whaling. Among other things, it will establish that whaling goes back as far as 16,000 B. C.

As a sideline, he made a study of African music and collected tom-toms: "I've counted 30 different percussion instruments in one orchestra. Your Indians are lovely people. But their music is just bang, bang bang. No rhythm."

After working in British Naval Intelligence during the war and British Information afterwards, Ivan became an American citizen in 1947. Had $127 in the bank and a wife in the hospital.

NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK WORLD TELEGRAM SUN
(W. T. & SUN)
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK

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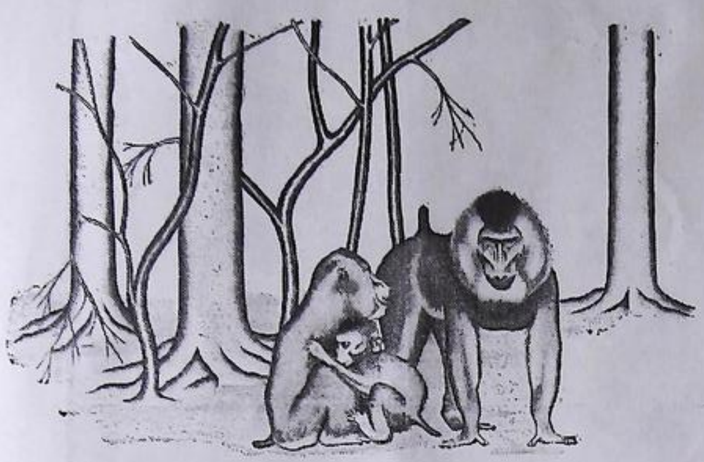
THE UNIVERSITY

How Do Animals Get To Be That Way?

Fascinating Accounts of Frogs, Shrews, Lemurs, Lizards and Other Unusual Creatures



ANIMAL TREASURE.
By Ivan T. Sanderson . . . 325 pp.
New York: Viking Press . . . $3.

HERALD
SEP 12 1937

Reviewed by
CLIFFORD H. POPE
Author of "Snakes Alive"

IVAN T. SANDERSON has written a fascinating book on the animals of Africa without once telling about stopping the charge of lion, rhino or gorilla with high-powered rifle. This alone is an accomplishment of no small merit. Nevertheless, hippos, leopards and other large animals enter his story and there is an exciting account of a successful gorilla hunt. His book stands as additional proof that a frog or a shrew, a lemur or a lizard may be vastly more interesting than lion or rhino. He also convinces one that the truth about wild animals is quite as thrilling as the most carefully constructed fabrication.

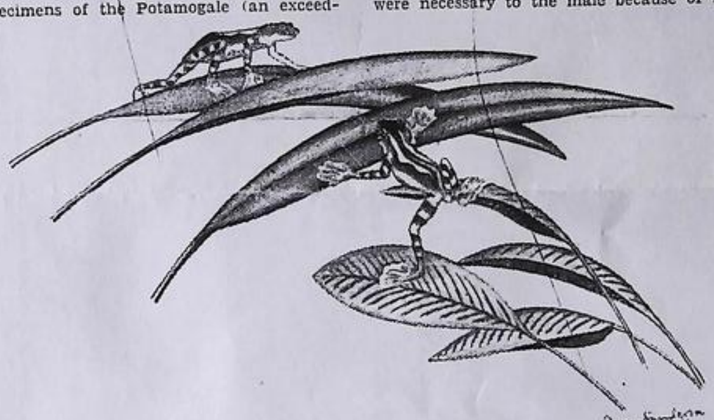
At grade school Mr. Sanderson learned that "sunlight and palm trees encircle the earth's tummy like a girdle"; at the age of seventeen he succumbed to the call of the tropics and went on a collecting trip to the East Indies. There he worked long and hard but only on his return to learn at a great museum that all his labors had been merely a poor duplication of what the famous explorer and scientist Alfred Russel Wallace had accomplished many decades before. This first great shock to his youthful enthusiasm convinced him that something was wrong with expedition methods. He could not then fully determine what was wrong but soon afterward, at Cambridge, he received confirmation of his own half-formed theories. A professor explained that the progress of zoology can be divided into three stages: the *what*, the *how* and the *why* stages. A legion of collectors has enabled scientists at museums to get well through the first of these, thus preparing the way for the second which is being attacked chiefly by university physiologists and experimental zoologists.

All this showed what the trouble had been with his East Indian collecting. There he had merely contributed to the *what* stage just as Wallace had done so long before. The only course open was to figure out how an expedition might contribute to the *how* stage. This he did by planning to live in the "field" where experiments could be carried on and animals observed through the four seasons.

His next major difficulty was the selection of a place to work. He had learned that West Africa not only is the home of extremely interesting animals but the most unspoiled part of Africa as well. This settled the matter and he left for British Cameroons as leader of the Percy Sladen Expedition with seven major objectives: certain "innards" of a flying squirrel and of a lemur; skins and skulls of leopards; data on the breeding habits of wormlike burrowing amphibians called cœcilians; specimens of the Potamogale (an exceedingly rare water shrew) of *Podogona*, and of clawed water toads, and lastly "something concrete" about fresh water dolphins. He attained all but one of these objectives and that one (the last named) probably belongs to the realm of fancy. In addition numerous experiments were performed, thousands of both rare and common creatures collected and many notebooks filled with data on their habits. Many species brought back which proved to be new to science have already been described in technical journals.

"Animal Treasure" is in no sense a travelogue; the reader is not dragged about from place to place. Rather he is introduced to one world of animals after another. These animals are not grouped by blood relationship but by choice of similar habitats. For example, frogs enter several of the worlds described—that of the tree tops, of the jungle floor (under as well as on it), of grassy regions, hollow trees and of swift as well as quiet murky waters.

One species (glorying under the name *Trichobatrachus robustus*) even divides its forces by sexes and invades two worlds, the larger male living in water, the smaller female in burrows in solid ground. This in itself is astonishing but by no means is it the most remarkable thing about this frog. The male has the sides of its body and hind legs covered with "hairs" which are not hairs at all but hairlike growths of the skin. These growths were known to be an accessory breathing mechanism but not until Mr. Sanderson's observations were made could it be realized that the hairs were necessary to the male because of its aquatic habitat but unnecessary to the terrestrial female. On top of all this, Mr. Trichobatrachus has a peculiar lung which doubtless enables it to regulate its specific gravity and raise or lower itself in the water like a submarine.



Or, entering the hidden world of the "up top," what could be more appealing than the angwantibo, a little lemur that spends most of its time suspended below branches like a sloth, even sleeping thus? Its hip joint is constructed so loosely that the angwantibo performs stunts calculated to make the best contortionists writhe with envy; it sometimes reverses its topsy-turvy direction of march by simply walking back over its own chest and belly right through the arch formed by its hind legs.

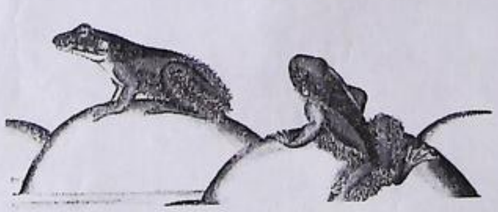
Mr. Sanderson's success was the result not only of his energy and ingenuity but of his ability to submerge himself in his environment. The jungle is to him like the bottom of the ocean across which innumerable forms of life drift to and fro. He often speaks of drifting and eddying along with its slow moving currents. Sometimes currents near the ground move one way, those high up in the trees another; storms hasten these currents but noontime of bright days brings them almost to a standstill.

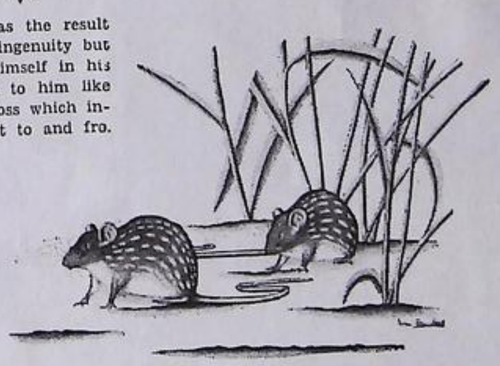
Sounds were of major importance at all times. Many a weird creature was traced to its hiding place by its call or whistle. Most astonishing of these was the whistling lizard, a creature that will strain the credence of many a reptile man. Once Mr. Sanderson learned that he was the unwelcome guest at a "belching party" of drills (a kind of baboon) only by imitating the embarrassing noises that issued from his hosts in their bewildering concealment. His escape from this unusual gathering is a thrilling story in itself.

After reading "Animal Treasure" I feel as though I had been shown Africa through some sort of a human microscope that brings the smallest creature up to similar proportions with the largest, making an equally interesting. Although the author keeps the center of focus on the animals, he takes us into his confidence and describes in detail his own emotions at each new encounter and discovery. Indeed one of the charming elements of the book is the youthful freshness and enthusiasm that permeates it throughout. The personality of Mr. Sanderson is readily read between the lines.

The introduction warns us that we are not going to read about "bad cooks, angry chiefs, shipping offices and all the rest," but the author, nevertheless, manages to draw vivid and sympathetic pictures of the human beings surrounding him, from his own helpers to numerous chiefs and their retainers. Some of the most amusing and choice passages of the book describe the ever astonishing behavior of Africans.

Drawings of thirty-two animals from life prove the author to be an artist of great skill. These illustrations add a touch of beauty that could not easily be surpassed. "Animal Treasure" is indeed a work of art from start to finish. Every naturalist and scientist will devour this book and no lover of nature or adventure should let it escape.





Drawings by Ivan T. Sanderson from "Animal Treasure"

NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 12 SEPTEMBER 1937 - SUNDAY
SECTION X - PAGE 3

COPIED FROM THE COLLECTIONS IN THE CENTER FOR AMERICAN HISTORY
THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AU

NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 26 NOVEMBER 1939 - SUNDAY

Tropical Research as Exciting Adventure

Collector of Animal Specimens for a Museum Has a Grand Time in Various Jungles

CARIBBEAN TREASURE. By Ivan T. Sanderson . . . 292 pp. . . . Alfred A. Knopf: Viking Press . . . $3.

HERALD TRIBUNE
NOV 26 1939

Reviewed by CLIFFORD H. POPE

"THE little liner splashed along over the sparkling sea toward a dark green streak on the horizon, while at the same time it edged tangentially toward a mysterious line of dirty foam that stretched athwart the sea. When at last the keen prow of the vessel cleaved this line we looked down upon the first of South America's wonders. A thrill like electricity show through me, starting somewhere in my feet and ending in my lungs, so that it interfered with my breathing. Wave upon wave of realization rolled over me. Soon I should once more be in the shining, whirring, struggling, luscious mass of animation that is the jungle."

Thus Ivan T. Sanderson describes his excitement at approaching the shores of a new continent, and in this paragraph we find the key to the fascination of this explorer's accounts of his expeditions to tropical jungles. It is his youthful enthusiasm that fills every page and makes the reader feel that he too has actually seen and heard the life of the great forests. In spite of its title the book has nothing to do with "piratical dejecta," the word "treasure" referring instead to scientific discovery. The title was chosen because the author's former book describing his experiences in tropical Africa was called "Animal Treasure."

More specifically Mr. Sanderson went to South America and the West Indies to collect animals for an English museum. Now, the task of the museum collector is to reduce animals to "specimens," that is, skins, skeletons or cadavers. Museums are not equipped to care for living creatures, but to exhibit mounted ones for the edification of the public and to keep series of specimens for comparative study by specialists in anatomy and classification. The average collector gradually develops the point of view that every wild animal is a potential specimen quite uninteresting until it has fulfilled its destiny in a museum case.

Although Mr. Sanderson is primarily a collector he decidedly has not developed this museum point of view; every page of "Caribbean Treasure" fairly bristles with living, acting animals. The charm of the book, in fact, lies in the emphasis that it places on the behavior of the many forms of life both high and low that parade across its pages. The written descriptions are supplemented by thirty-two beautiful sketches. Among others are lifelike pictures of such characteristic New World mammals as armadillos, anteaters, sloths, howling monkeys, blood-lapping bats, ocelots and agoutis.

In Surinam Mr. Sanderson found that he could buy many species by simply renting a house and making it known that he wanted them. Thus certain desiderata could be most easily secured. This method, however, had its difficulties, since providing temporary living quarters for the flood of creatures that arrived all too precipitately was no mean task, and for a time every one was engaged in making cages out of packing boxes. One morning at breakfast the author became aware that his wife, who always accompanied him, was speaking softly but petulantly:

"What was that, dear?" he inquired absent-mindedly.

"I only said that the monkey which passed the window just now looked very much like Jakob."

"They're quite common here," mumbled her husband, a mouthful of egg in mid-air.

"Well, dearest, perhaps that wasn't our monkey, but I am quite sure that the pig I saw going into the sitting room is the collared peccary you bought last week."

It was the collared peccary in the sitting room and tree porcupines and a baby raccoon as well. Moreover, by the time Mr. Sanderson had reached the garden Jakob was "entering the third house down the road going west, and the whole place looked like a Noah's Ark." A new feeding assistant had caused the commotion by his novel method of unlocking the cages and then going to look for food. The resulting turmoil involved the whole neighborhood; passing Hindus, Malays, Negroes and the younger generation of all races and creeds stopped to help. The monkey Jakob had apparently only gone calling and willingly walked out of that third house, took the hand of an assistant and returned. A black tamarin, dislodged from a tree with great difficulty, leaped fifty feet to the ground and made a wild dash—back to its cage.

The largest form of life tackled was a not-so-recently-dead sperm whale stranded on rather inaccessible tidal mud flats. Days of hard labor were required to separate that whale of a specimen from all of its skeleton but the enormous skull which would not budge in spite of repeated assaults. The head and body measured fifty, the head alone seventeen feet.

Two Fingered Sloth

Contrasting with this was a small lizard found in a Trinidad cave. Although ordinary enough in appearance, this reptile had its points: before its capture several light spots along either side lit up "like portholes of a ship." Afterward no amount of coaxing would induce it to glow again. This luminescent reptile is by all odds the most astonishing discovery made since fishes were previously the highest animals known to carry their own light. It is an odd coincidence that "Animal Treasure's" most surprising discovery was also a lizard, in that case a whistling one. It has turned out that the whistle was made by some other animal, apparently a bird—there is difference of opinion on that point. Anyway, we must give the lizard credit for having deceived man. The natives believe that the lizard whistles and Mr. Sanderson was apparently misled by them. Deception by the Trinidad reptile would seem to be out of the question; seeing a light and tracing a sound are different matters.

Nearly a year was spent in Surinam or Dutch Guiana and more than half of the book deals with work in that country. Over a hundred pages are devoted to experiences in Trinidad forests and caves.

A trip was made through Haiti in a 1923 Rolls-Royce that was purchased for $50 and turned out to be about a foot wider than the native roads. The life of the dry cactus-grown Haitian country was very different from that of Trinidad and the South American mainland. Nevertheless, interesting invertebrates and small vertebrates were encountered. The only large animals were feral pigs, dogs and horses.

"Caribbean Treasure" is the narrative account of a novel scientific honeymoon. Written for the layman, it is in no sense a technical report. Every naturalist and every lover of nature and travel will enjoy it. In fact, I heartily recommend it to every one who would like a refreshing breath of tropical air and animation.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

NEWSPAPER:
THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 7 DECEMBER 1939 -
THURSDAY

HERALD TRIBUNE
DEC 8 1939

BY LEWIS GANNETT

ALMA, to whom Ivan Sanderson dedicates his "Caribbean Treasure" (Viking, $3), sounds like a very good wife indeed. When, after Sanderson's crew had anchored a bit to windward of a dead whale, off the coast of Surinam, the tide went out, and the boat tipped on a stranded log, dumping Alma off her cot into the oily black bilge, she came up laughing. And she took the casual way when the menagerie escaped.

Pig in the Paramaribo Parlor

Sitting at breakfast in Paramaribo, she remarked casually that the monkey passing the window looked very much like Jakob.

Ivan replied that spider monkeys were common thereabout.

"Well," Alma continued, "perhaps that wasn't our monkey, but I am quite sure that the pig I saw going into the sitting room is the collared peccary you bought last week."

Ivan Sanderson

It was. Two tree porcupines and a baby raccoon had gone in the same direction. One sloth was in the hen house; another had meandered down the street, and the capuchin monkeys were atop the water tank. . . . The new assistant, employed to feed the animals, had unlocked all the cages before he went off in search of fodder.

Zoological Honeymoon

Alma had been taken to the Caribbean on a zoological honeymoon; the miraculous part of it is that, at least as her husband tells the story, she enjoyed it as much as he. And that, as the happy reader of "Caribbean Treasure" will discover, was a lot. The "expedition" failed in several of its specific objects, but, Mr. Sanderson says—and proves, in the rhythm of his narrative—they "gained many months of extreme happiness, the worth of which is nowadays often sadly underestimated."

The Caribbean, by Mr. Sanderson's definition, is not the West Indies, but the land once inhabited by Carib Indians. His own expedition covered Trinidad, Haiti and Surinam, which when I went to school were marked in the geography book as "Dutch Guiana." Wherever he goes a zoologist has adventures; a few zoologists, like our own William Beebe and this English Ivan Sanderson, have the art of sharing adventure in print.

In Primitive Trinidad and Jungleless Haiti

Trinidad is an island many tourists visit, but few see the jungles, barely twenty miles from the paved road, where Dr. Sanderson—and Alma—lived. That is a pot-holed limestone land of caves and in and out of the caves strange animals live—a blood-sucking little bat, which is death to herds of cattle and, sometimes, to man; an incandescent lizard, new to science; weird subterranean crabs; a pygmy anteater whose secret—how to separate the ants from the earth of their nests—Mr. Sanderson solved; a pygmy opossum, and a beetle with something very like stop-and-go red-and-green lights. There are also pit vipers, as Mr. Sanderson discovered rather suddenly once, when he tried (almost too successfully) to slip down a 100-foot cliff by using the tropical vines, Tarzanlike, as a rope.

Haiti, like the rest of the West Indies—has, Mr. Sanderson hopelessly insists (knowing no one will believe him), no true jungles; it is rather a tropical desert country. But in Haiti, too, strange sights are to be seen, including herds of wild strawberry roan horses, whose ancestry cannot be explained on any credible grounds. So Mr. Sanderson, who has proved so many improbable things true, suggests that they may be the last remnant of the wild prehistoric horses, supposed long since extinct, whose fossil remains are a familiar story to American geologists.

"Explorers," it is well known, are bronzed and half-starved heroes who pound through the primeval world wearing topees, breeches and riding boots. Mr. Sanderson is a refreshing change. He and Alma eat well in the jungle, though the curry may go cold if an armadillo interrupts dinner. Alma and he both wear soft felt hats, using them chiefly as fans; instead of high boots they wear rubber-soled canvas sports shoes and tennis socks, and they despise shorts. They seem to do very well in such costume, despite their intimacy with man-eating fish, jaguars, scorpions, vampires and vipers; it is their keen sense of humor, and the sheer joy which takes them into the jungle at midnight, and sometimes leads them, armed with only a flashlight, to scale palms by moonlight, which give the book such zest. . . . Good writing, and Mr. Sanderson's delicate drawings of his finds, have something to do with it, too.

Bambi's Children

Felix Salten is an utterly different kind of animal writer. He is the author of "Bambi," that strange and gentle forest book which proved that it is possible to make animals talk without being wholly ridiculous. "Bambi's Children" (Bobbs, $2.50) is another tale of the forest family—of Bambi, the roebuck, prince of the forest, of Falina his hind, and Geno and Gurri, his children; of Perri, the squirrel; of Friend Hare and Enemy Fox, and of the mysterious human animals, so dangerous with their thunder sticks, so oddly friendly at strange times. Those who loved "Bambi" will love it, too.

Here the fawns learn what winter is; here their mother explains to them that fireflies are naughty, fallen stars. I do not know whether Felix Salten had children or grown-ups most in mind when he wrote "Bambi"; it has passed on from its first adult welcome to become a children's classic. "Bambi's Children" appears to be more directly pointed at a young audience, but Mr. Salten, now an exile from the fir and birch woods of his beloved Austria, sometimes hints in it at a satire which would escape younger readers. The screech owl says that things are never as bad as they seem; Gurri meditates on Bambi's wise counsel that love and hatred have little to do with freedom; there is a middle course.

My favorite talking animals are still Walt Disney's.

Ivan T. Sanderson

A FAMOUS pundit, for whom Ivan Sanderson has a tremendous admiration, once said in effect that "little histories about bats and frogs and rats could apparently be whisked back and forth across the Atlantic from equatorial Africa to equatorial America, or vice versa, without altering anything more than the author's word for the locale." And he was right, says Sanderson. However: "In defence of my little host . . . I should . . . like to say that it is just this remarkable similarity that makes their lives so fascinating . . . the manner in which they are woven into the essential unity of natural life."

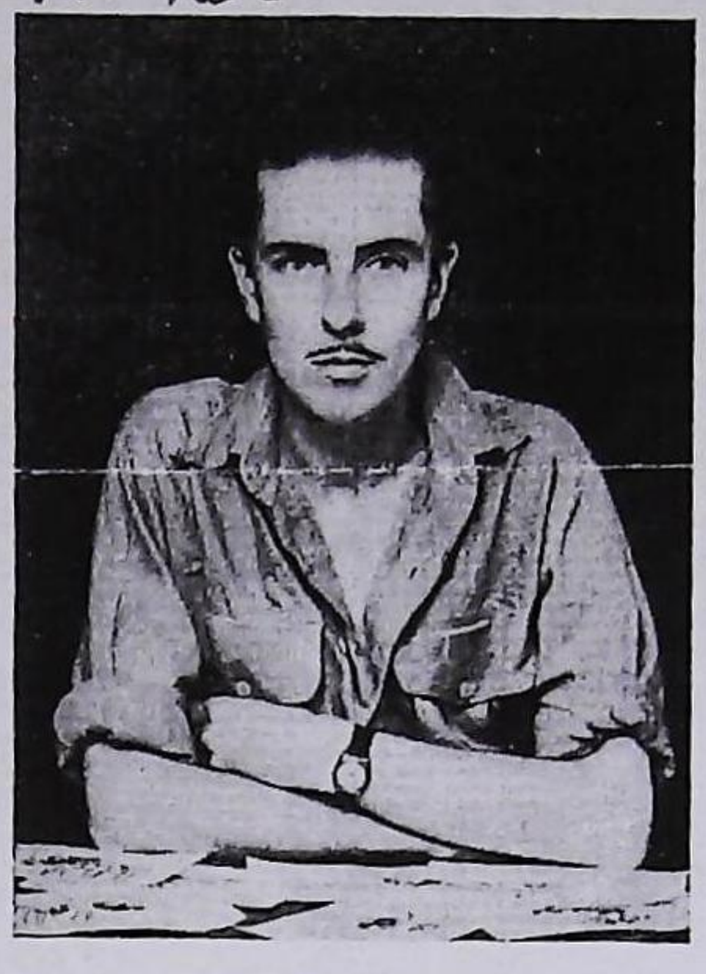
Ivan Terrance Sanderson was born a little over thirty years ago in Edinburgh, a cold grey damp place that made him crave the sunlight, he says, "from pure cussedness." His father was for some time chief shikari for Martin Johnson and was killed in 1924 by a rhino in East Africa. (Strangely enough, Johnson's account of this episode in *Safari* ends with the statement that "Saunderson" [*sic*] died "of pneumonia.")

At school the word "tropics" began to appear on the horizon. He was busy with animals, and he aggressively ignored the orthodox: at eleven he could neither read nor write. But at seventeen he finished Eton, and "bolted from Europe, like a shot rabbit . . . with traps, butterfly nets, skinning implements, and all the other recognized stock-in-trade of the collector." He crossed East Indies waters to romantic Macassar, "fully convinced that the work of the great Alfred Russel Wallace was about to be completed at last." But back home once again, his painstaking pile looked like nothing more than a repetition of some of the great Wallace's "looser moments."

Scientific methods of collecting, Sanderson began to see, were out of date: the *how* and *why* of animal behaviour should be studied in the beast's native environment. He picked out a place with the worst climate and worst medical reputation in the world (therefore likely neglected) and almost immediately learned that a famous scientist wanted the internal organs of some animals found only in that very region. Another authority lacked good evidence of the whale in the rivers of that same country, and Cambridge put in a bid for the exotic giant water shrew from the same place. The Percy Sladen Expedition to the British Cameroons, West Africa, was all but on the high sea! The story of this fruitful trip is told vivaciously in *Animal Treasure.*

For professional companions Sanderson rejects athletes, sportsmen, and anyone "large, beefy, or tough." From the "worms" that are left—those at ease in smoky bars, airless cabarets, and crowded subway trains—he makes the final choice.

Sanderson was married late in 1936 and with his wife sailed just before Christmas for Trinidad. Several months later they went on to Haiti, and at the end of 1937 left for Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana. In 1939 came the much



IVAN T. SANDERSON

praised *Caribbean Treasure,* in a vein quite like that of the earlier book. And his very recent *Living Treasure* represents no falling off in Sandersonian excellence.

He is tall and thin, with a lean, drawn face, and spare mustache. Not only is he his own illustrator (and decorator of some of London's smartest night clubs) but an accomplished stage dancer and a master of seven or eight strange African instruments. Two facts Sanderson would like to get across clearly: "... we take our work very seriously ... but we do not take ourselves at all seriously."

B. ALSTERLUND

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THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

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THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

NEWSPAPER:
THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION:
NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 11 APRIL 1941 - FRIDAY

BOOKS AND THINGS

By LEWIS GANNETT

Ivan Sanderson?

HERALD TRIB
APR 11 1941

"HEIGHT, 5 feet 2 inches; weight, 105 pounds; hair, brown; eyes, brown; nose, straight; mouth, large; distinguishing marks, none; age, thirty-seven; occupation, writing"—that is the way Shelby Shackelford, author of "Electric Eel Calling" (Lippincott, \$3), describes herself. She is also, which explains this book, the wife of a six-foot-three physicist who went to Brazil with a biologist to try to solve the mystery of the electric eel.

Artist in Brazil

"Artist" is the key-word. Miss Shackelford (Mrs. Richard T. Cox) came home with some entertaining scratchboard drawings of people and churches and trees at the mouth of the Amazon; she even drew graphs of the electric waves transmitted by the singular fish her husband was studying, and made decorative motifs of them; but she writes even better than she draws, and she writes as an artist. To her the Amazon isn't just "muddy"; it brings to the Atlantic a portion of the South American soil, and strong dyes washed from the plants along its shores, so that "the red of brazil-wood, the black medicinal waters of the Negro, the white earth of the Branco" are mixed by the rushing river to make the dull hue of the discolored ocean. The famous mud-color becomes a picture of all the lands upstream.

Shelby Shackelford

Four-Hundred-Volt Eels

The reader may, or may not, understand more about the electric eel when he finishes the book; he will have absorbed something of the feeling of north Brazil. A big eel may discharge a current of 400 volts, quite enough to knock a man out or to paralyze any smaller fish it wants to eat. All its ordinary organs are concentrated in the first fifth of its thick body, the last four-fifths—it may be more than three feet long—are devoted to its generating plant. It transmits electricity through its spinal cord; and a bright New York University physicist, while he cannot exactly talk eel language, may learn to simulate the eely pattern of electric current sufficiently accurately to bring all the eels in the neighborhood in to investigate. And still, how the eel does it remains one of those mysteries of bio-physics.

A Declining Tropical Eden

So, for that matter, does Brazil. Para was once a rubber capital; now it is a sleepy capital for the unsettled empire of the Amazon. A boy comes into the hotel dining room selling boa constrictors at meal time. A Texan makes a living producing the timbo root which Indians use to paralyze fish and a New Jersey company uses to make "Flit"; but in that sunny tropical land this exploiter of tropical wealth wangled a minimum-wage law which successfully keeps his profits down. The Attorney General of the State of Para is an ardent butterfly collector and artist. So is the padre; indeed, they say that the padre sometimes interrupts a sermon to catch a butterfly that strays into his church. Miss Shackelford doesn't quite believe that, but she offers a picture of the padre catching butterflies in heaven to prove the possibility. They have politicians in Para, of course; but to Miss Shackelford they seemed like the gold standard, "a purely artificial assumption of usefulness." Everybody kowtows to them; nobody takes them seriously.

It was a land of monkeys that climbed down to watch the lady draw; of fantastic parrots; of butterflies like incandescent gases; and also of electric eels, man-eating fish, and crocodiles. "Electric Eel Calling" tells a little of the research, more about the people, somewhat of the beauty, with an unpretentious understanding that gives the book an appealing freshness.

They Loved It

Ivan Sanderson's "Living Treasure" (Viking, \$3.50) is a kind of post-script to his "Caribbean Treasure"—more biological adventures, this time in Jamaica, British Honduras and Yucatan. Mr. Sanderson, to be sure, objects to that word "adventures." His book, he insists, is neither travelogue, scientific report nor history of an "expedition." He and his wife pursue their trade as zoologists and animal collectors; they take their work very seriously, and themselves not at all seriously. It is an art.

Among the animals they report collecting is a minute tick which lives on the ears of bats; they found it accidentally in Jamaica, and by search elsewhere astonishing the scientists back in London; they found the noxious mosquito oddly named "Anopheles darlingi" far north of its recorded range; they also played with billums, gaudy little fish which quickly remove the ticks from swimmers' legs but tickle as they do so; a tree-climbing turtle; a three-and-a-half-inch pygmy opossum; somewhat too many crocodiles, and some very odd mice and rats. They were puzzled by a noise confusingly like the self-starter of an automobile, which they finally traced to a little tree toad, a cousin to our "spring peeper"; and once, following an underground water course in Yucatan, they came out in a village well, alarming the natives, who did not expect to find white gods in their water supply. They had, of course, a properly alarming experience with that dangerous snake, the fer de lance; and they lost a bet on skinning a rabbit. Tropical rabbits are hard skinning, particularly when pregnant; and the Yucatan villagers put one over on Mr. Sanderson there. He had agreed to pay triple if he couldn't skin any rabbit in a half hour flat.

Whatever the Sandersons did, they enjoyed; and Mr. Sanderson's narrative conveys that sense of enjoyment to the reader. He even enjoyed it when his assistant returned from Haiti with the skin and bones of one of the wild horses of the pine barrens, which he had fondly hoped would be three-toed relics of a prehistoric race. They weren't.

Adventure Hunter

A very different kind of tropical travel narrative is Nicol Smith's "Bush Master: Into the Jungles of Dutch Guiana" (Bobbs, \$3.50). Mr. Smith went looking for Adventure with a capital A, and he found it—complete with three-fingered Indians, witch doctors and a "death kiss," snakes that crawl into your hammock to keep warm, sinister vampires, a dusky-skinned "Orchid Princess," and a mysterious German, who was a former secret agent of Abd-el-Krim in Morocco and an associate of "Von Ungern," the Mad Baron of Mongolia, and was perhaps seeking radium mines in Guiana and perhaps organizing the escaped convicts from Devil's Island to organize a continent. Mr. Smith could hardly have done better had his name been Richard Halliburton.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUS

Elephants, an Extraordinarily Tick

NOV 4-1962

THE DYNASTY OF ABU: A History and Natural History of the Elephants and Their Relatives, Past and Present. By Ivan T. Sanderson. Illustrated. 376 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $5.95.

By Lewis Gannett

IVAN SANDERSON'S first experience with an elephant occurred when he was at a very tender age, and in a zoo. A childless female elephant took a liking to him and sought to adopt him, tucking him firmly between her forelegs and her trunk. His shrieks and those of assorted onlookers had no effect on the happy mother—until Mr. Sanderson's nurse, a stout British type, stepped forward, clouted the behemoth on the trunk with her umbrella, and ordered firmly, "Give me *that!*"

"That" was little Ivan, and apparently he has been in love with elephants ever since. Also with loxodonts, and indeed with the whole tribe of Abu. Mr. Sanderson, who grew up to become a zoologist, has strong opinions about words. An elephant (preferably spelled olofont) is what you and I would call an Indian elephant; what we ignorantly call "African elephants" are loxodonts, of quite different genus and species. Both, together with the extinct mastodons and mammoths and assorted other monsters, belong to what the early Egyptians called "Abu"—a "dynasty," in Mr. Sanderson's vocabulary, for all of them are "glorious, royal, dignified," even "imperial." Mr. Sanderson has watched elephants and loxodonts on their native heaths, handled them in zoos and on stages, owned one for a time, and he has read about them with a fresh and imaginative mind. His book reflects his fascination with his subject. Never, he says, has he enjoyed preparing to write a book more, or enjoyed writing one less; there was so much that he had to compress, or even omit.

That elephants—one should say "Abu"—are strong (though not in proportion to their immense size), intelligent (their brains are larger than man's, though again not proportionally), most of us know. Mr. Sanderson tells us more: of their affection and playfulness (their delight in kicking goals at soccer is something to see), of their prayerfulness (SIC), of their extraordinary ticklishness, of their breeding and eating habits. An adult elephant eats about 800 pounds of fodder a night, which makes a food bill of some $4500 a year; zoos found it hard to raise baby Abu until a Johannesburg zoo-keeper analyzed Abu milk and developed a baby-feeding formula consisting of one gallon of raw cow's milk, half a pint of heavy cream, the whites of twenty-four hen's eggs and four pounds of overboiled rice.

Mr. Sanderson goes deeply into the history of the Abu, in historic and prehistoric times, and comes up with original views which may or may not be accepted by other experts. He is not at all astonished that Hannibal crossed the Alps with a herd of loxodonts; Abu of all kinds work well in snow, he says, but it is amazing that any horses made the trip. Nor were the Romans surprised by the big animals, as some historians have suggested; nor was Alexander astonished to meet elephants in India, as other books have said. Aristotle, who was Alexander's teacher, obviously already knew a lot about the big beasts, and in Roman days loxodonts still lived in the wild state north of the Sahara;—perhaps not only in Morocco, but in Cleopatra's Egypt, as Mr. Sanderson suggests with passion as well as with learning.

He is most exciting and most original in what he calls the "fossil detective story" of the mammoths and the mastodons. We have all read of those mammoths found deep-frozen in the muck of northern Siberian riverbanks, and perhaps have idly speculated on the mystery of their sudden death. Mr. Sanderson notes further that some of them had fresh buttercup flowers in their mouths when they died. Siberia's climate must have been different when thousands of mammoths roamed its fields, each eating half a ton of hay (including buttercups) daily. A very sudden, mysterious death indeed! Mr. Sanderson suggests a "cataclysm"; perhaps the earth's crust slipped. He almost makes you believe it. In any case, he makes you understand his own intense interest in the biggest land animals on earth, the only wild creatures larger than man which, in the face of man's relentless onslaught, have not succumbed but are actually increasing.

Comment: Often an original, fascinating "fossil detective story."

Reviewer: Lewis Gannett shares the author's fascination with the great beasts.

HERALD

NEWSPAPER:
THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION:
NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE:
4 NOVEMBER 1962 - THURSDAY
SECTION:
NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE BOOK REVIEW - PAGE 14
REFERENCE SOURCE:
BOOK DIGEST REVIEW 1963 ANNUAL

COPIED FROM THE COLLECTIONS IN THE CENTER FOR AMERICAN HISTORY
THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

the Ways They Find to Liv

MAMMALS OF THE WORLD.
By François Bourlière. *223 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $12.50.*

LIVING MAMMALS OF THE WORLD.
By Ivan T. Sanderson. *303 pp. New York: Hanover House. $9.95.*

DEC 11 1955

Reviewed By
HAROLD E. ANTHONY

A HOST of books on birds, mammals, insects, reptiles and plants have appeared in the last several years. Not a few of these have been on mammals, either as guides to the mammals of a continent or intended to cover the mammals of the entire world. These two volumes, therefore, find plenty of company in a field fairly well covered.

Mr. Bourlière's text is organized to treat the great concourse of world mammals under six major headings, these being the principal environmental categories of tropical forest, savannah and desert, temperate forest and prairie, the great North, the mountains and the waters. The treatment is along ecological lines since the data show how each animal is adapted to its surroundings and how it exists as a unit in a particular habitat.

This book is richly illustrated and one may well imagine that the pictorial part was the core around which the text was prepared. The choice of subjects is good and represents fairly the wide range of evolution among mammals and the clever methods whereby nature permits animals to win a livelihood within the real hazards of a seemingly adverse environment.

Mr. Bourlière prepares the reader for a fuller understanding of the underlying factors which are responsible for the evolution and dispersal of mammals throughout the world by a chapter on "What Is a Mammal," which will reveal to many that a mammal is not the standardized, warm-blooded animal it is generally thought to be, but on the contrary is a variable entity that finds expression in a great diversity of exteriors and ways of life. The present distribution of mammal life has been directed by geological events at various periods in a dim and misty past.

The reader may well be surprised at noting how mammalian life has flowed out into every possible environment which is capable of supplying the biological need of a mammal. If there are physical obstacles in the way of reaching such a living the mammal has evolved from some unspecialized, generally competent ancestor to become a specialist fitted to the exceptional circumstances. The terrestrial quadruped may become an underground digger, a dweller in the tree tops, a tireless swimmer, or he may even take to the air. Perhaps the pressure of mammalian populations has driven the adventurous individuals on the fringe of subsistence to strike out for pastures new.

In reviewing a book with so many attractive features I hesitate to call attention to items which might escape the attention of the average reader but which are rather too important for a museum man to ignore. Wolves are stated to occur in northern New York in small numbers, but the last wolf native to New York was killed before the close of the last century. The wolves, so-called, in New York are feral dogs, introduced coyotes, or hybrids of the two. In several passages the armadillos are described as terrestrial vegetarians, but the character of their dentition and the published reports on stomach contents indicate a predominantly insectivorous diet.

Ivan Sanderson's lavishly illustrated volume is based upon a selection of the most outstanding photographs of mammals available to a publisher today. It covers the broad field adequately, introduces species seldom seen, and includes black and white and color. Some mammals are found under circumstances which make them continuously available for the photographer. These species appear so often that the public is well acquainted with them. Other mammals are rare, or they live underground, in the waters, or are active at night, and a photograph of any sort is an achievement. Most of the pictures in this book are of mammals at rest; many of them are of captive animals. They are to be viewed as portraits, and their most immediate value is for identification purposes.

The author has provided a well planned text which has not only a present interest for the reader, but a continuing reference value for future use.

Mr. Sanderson has a good background for writing such a book because he has lived with animals in the field, kept them as pets at home, and has a journalistic flair for popularizing natural history. He can be expected to turn up some hitherto overlooked fact or to introduce a humorous touch in a routine enumeration of vital statistics.

Harold E. Anthony is chairman, Department of Mammals, at Museum of Natural History, York City.

NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 11 DECEMBER 1955 - SUNDAY
SECTION: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE BOOK REVIEW - PAGE 4
REFERENCE SOURCE: BOOK REVIEW DIGEST 1955 ANNUAL

COPIED FROM THE COLLECTIONS IN THE CENTER FOR AMERICAN HISTORY

BOOKS AND THINGS

By ISABEL PATERSON

NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 10 SEPTEMBER 1937 - FRIDAY

ALMOST everybody likes to read about animals, and here are two first class animal books coming out on the same day, neither of which should be missed. There mightn't be another of equal merit for a month of Sundays.

They are "Animal Treasure," by Ivan T. Sanderson (Viking, $3), and "Wild Animal World," by Raymond L. Ditmars and William Bridges (Appleton-Century, $3). Both are crammed with curious, scientifically authentic and amusing first-hand information about beasts and birds and snakes, in their remote haunts and in captivity.

SEP 10 1937

Palm Trees and Tropic Sunlight

Mr. Sanderson first discovered his craving for fantastic scenes and creatures during his childhood in Edinburgh. Some one gave him a book "with pictures of palm trees and people sleeping in the sun." Edinburgh wasn't like that. The tropics—the name fixed itself in his mind. He would go there when he grew up. In school he compiled lists of the antelopes of Africa, which gained him no marks in examinations.

When he grew up, by great good fortune, he got to Macassar, and spent months "collecting" according to time-honored methods. He acquired numerous stuffed specimens, and suddenly realized that there were tons of stuffed specimens of the same species already deposited in European museums. "Advanced students of zoology were now beginning to ask not only how nature works on the lines it does, but why." So he decided to make a field expedition for that purpose with that question in mind.

He found that most of the pleasanter places were pre-empted. His one chance of raising funds was to pick some spot no one else wanted to go. West Africa was his chosen locale. So he collected scientists and institutions first, getting orders here and there for rare creatures from West Africa. A giant water shrew, a river whale, some insect called a poogona were among the objects required to be either brought back or noted.

Ogled by Land Crabs

After Mr. Sanderson gets through telling you about West Africa, you're not surprised at its unpopularity with visiting naturalists. There are so many different kinds of pests one would be at a loss to name the worst. Land crabs are Mr. Sanderson's outstanding antipathies. He was quite used to sea crabs, and didn't know he would take such a dislike to the land species; but maybe it was just being used to the other kind that upset him. Sea creatures have no business on shore, and it seems peculiarly unnecessary for them to climb trees. "They ogle at you wherever you go," Mr. Sanderson remarks; and the phrase has a nervous shudder in it. They are scavengers—in short, they are not attractive in any way. As oglers, they are distinctly unsuccessful.

West African frogs seem to be harmless, but there are fifty different kinds. It is really too many. Even if one liked frogs it would be too many. West Africa is also the happy home of termites, which are not ants, but what's the difference when they act like it? Scaly ant-eaters do well in that region. They need to be scaly, practically armor-plated.

Hunting the Wild Teddy-Bear

One of Mr. Sanderson's numerous queer adventures was pursuing a potto, a species of sloth which looks like a teddy-bear, from branch to branch in the jungle at night, with the aid of an electric torch. In the wild pursuit, far above ground, he got among a troop of sleeping monkeys, putty-nosed guenons. Waked by the light, they were quite helpless and terrified. Mr. Sanderson would have studied them, but his special branch gave away, and he was only saved by a creeper that held him suspended upside down till he could get another hand hold and lower himself safely.

The creatures observed range from gorillas to sea-cows. Of most, it is safe to say one would rather see than be one, and much rather read of the country they inhabit than live in it.

The Ring-Tailed Cobra

Dr. Ditmars and Mr. Bridges range all over their world in the confines of their book, which is subtitled, "Behind the Scenes at the Zoo." There is one chapter which may be helpful for aspiring zoologists. It tells of creatures still wanted for zoos. If you happen to have a live okapi, bongo, panda, or solenodon, you can easily dispose of it. The Duke of Bedford paid $5,000 for a pair of Prjevalsky's wild horses from the deserts of central Asia in 1900. The pair of pigmy hippopotami acquired in 1912 cost $25,000.

One man offered a spare cobra to Dr. Ditmars, who said he didn't want it: he had lots. The man persisted; he said his was really an exceptional cobra. It was greenish in color. Dr. Ditmars said lots of cobras are greenish. But my cobra, the man insisted, has rings all the way down his tail. Dr. Ditmars sat up and took notice. The ring-tailed cobra was a new one on him. He investigated and found it was a water cobra, the first living specimen in captivity. He was simply delighted to meet it.

Plenty of Pythons

An American rubber planter from Sumatra also brought in fourteen blood pythons. Very rare, Dr. Ditmars exclaimed. Pooh, said the rubber man, his plantation was just crawling with them. You're welcome.

Probably there are no more large animals unknown to science but even a missing lizard causes excitement when it is brought in. However, one explorer firmly believes that there is an anthropoid ape yet to be discovered and captured in the Matto Grosso, South America. And he's looking for it, as the quest of his life.

The Weasels Guessed Right

Dr. Ditmars gives a list of fallacies and baseless superstitions about animals. He doesn't even believe that an elephant never forgets.

But as a mere lay reader, we wish to file an objection to his remarks on the weasel. Dr. Ditmars says: "Protective coloration used to be the commonest answer as to the question why weasels changed color. . . . But if that is the only answer, why don't weasels in southern New York State change color in winter like their brothers in the northern part of the state?" Now, in the first place, Dr. Ditmars is there to answer questions, not to ask them. And in the second place, is the weasel the creature which can't make a mistake once in a while? Besides, there was no snow worth mentioning last winter, so the weasels were right.

The creatures are bat, trapdoor spider, prairie dog, badger, mole, earthworm, chipmunk, kingfisher, cicada, woodchuck, gopher, bank swallow, ant, skunk, muskrat, mole, cricket. A fascinating lot! And a treatment which is a good step up from the Burgess stories toward real nature study. The book is 7 by 9 inches, and cloth bound.

JOHN AND JUAN IN THE JUNGLE. By Ivan T. Sanderson. Illustrated by Miguel Covarrubias. *64 pp. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.* $3.

MAY 17 1953

WHEN the zoologist Sanderson and the artist Covarrubias collaborate, it is news, and their colorful book almost lives up to expectations. We are told that it began with the author seeing the artist's series of paintings of birds, mammals, reptiles and insects of South America, and wishing to write a book to give them a setting. Twenty-five were chosen, and Covarrubias did one of his familiar, brilliant picture maps for end papers, and an elegant jungle-y jacket, repeated on the board binding. The art work is well reproduced, especially the glowing wings of the butterflies.

The story, being manufactured to fit, is no classic. But it does give one a vivid feeling of the two boys, one American, one native, hunting strange creatures in several countries—Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Venezuela. It describes the animals very capably. With the full-color pictures, it makes an unusual nature book, also an animal adventure story for boys of about ten to fourteen.

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NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 17 MAY 1953 - SUNDAY
SECTION: NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE BOOK REVIEW - PAGE 21
REFERENCE SOURCE: BOOK REVIEW DIGEST 1953 ANNUAL

NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD-TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 9 AUGUST 1953

Gun, Camera

HORN OF THE HUNTER.
By Robert C. Ruark. *315 pp. New York: Doubleday and Company.* **$5.95.**

AUG 9 - 1953

Reviewed by
IVAN SANDERSON

MR. RUARK is an experienced journalist. He has a genius which, we suspect, he deliberately employs for the purpose of aggravating people. He manages to get his points over to his readers without ever stating precisely what they are and by serving them up in a state of the utmost confusion. The first three or four chapters of his book, "Horn of the Hunter," which relates his experiences of a brief and rather expensively self-financed safari to Tanganyika, follows this technique so faithfully that it was exasperating in the extreme. At no time throughout the first part is it possible to discover exactly where we, the author, or anybody else is supposed to be in Africa, while the position is further complicated by long, though often admittedly fascinating cutbacks to Mr. and Mrs. Ruark's earlier life and unrelated activities, or to hair-raising, little vignettes of that war before the current Korean affair.

Then something happened. Robert Ruark drops his "spots" altogether, and sets out to give us a straightforward account of an over-confident and perhaps sometimes even a rather bombastic character falling under the spell of something much bigger than himself, being stunned by this discovery, but meeting it frontally, and finally submitting to it with a humility and charm that end up by adding very greatly to his own

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NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD-TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 26 NOVEMBER 1961

A Humanistic M

NOV 26 1961

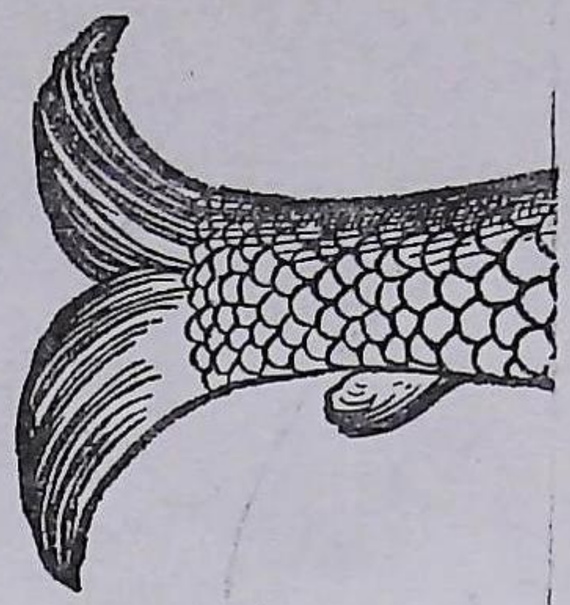
THE WORLD OF ANIMALS: A Treasury of Lore, Legend and Literature by Great Naturalists from the Fifth Century B. C. to the Present. Compiled by Joseph Wood Krutch. Illustrated. 508 pp. New York: Simon and Schuster. $8.95 until December 24; $10 thereafter.

By Ivan T. Sanderson

MR. KRUTCH'S new book—his thirtieth and his eighth anthology—is a return to one of his earliest preferences; the world of animals. In it he has gathered together 120 passages from an equally wide variety of sources that he feels from a lifetime of reading best express his philosophy regarding the place of man in nature. The editor is basically a philosopher and his introduction to this work states his attitude to man's religious, ethical, moral, and scientific approach to other animals and wildlife generally. The result of his culling is really a form of modern bestiary, sliding gracefully as it does in each of its eight sections from primitive misinterpretation to the most modern observation but throughout with a rather cold eye on man's performance. The key to this work is clearly stated in the introduction. It is a history of man's opinion of his own position in nature from pre-monotheistic times to the present.

The whole theme is humanistic, showing just a little how primitive man regarded other life-forms as equals fit often for elevation to divinity; then, how all but Man himself were debased to the status of soulless machines; and finally, how now once again they have come to be almost universally regarded as coeval if not coequal creations of the Almighty; and all this in the estimation of Man. As a secondary theme there is a lucid statement of the evolution of man's attitude to other animals from the strictly humane point of view. Cruelty to animals was, as Mr. Krutch emphasizes, not a sin or even a crime until the 19th Century.

As to the selections themselves we would have liked most of them to have been longer but the book is already 500 pages. Among them,



all naturalists and most others will find many old friends but there are many that have not appeared in animal athologies, often, if ever. But then, who among the real greats has not at some point written about animals? To this reviewer the very name of Pliny the Elder in a table of contents predisposes to acceptance of all the rest; and, in this case, all the more so since his two favorite passages—on elephants and dolphins—happen to have been selected. All the selections, however, are both a delight and enlightening.

We also like the illustrations and compliment their selector. The book itself is well-made and attractive. I am not so sure that an index might not have been a good idea, despite the author's clear and reasonable statement that the book is not a reference work. There is so much good in the text that there will surely be many who will at a later date want to go back to "that passage about cats," or some such. In fact, I can imagine this book becoming a standard reference at that most grim of all frustrations—a titling conference, for movies and the like.

This book should fill a niche in almost any library, especially in schools. It is worthwhile, charming, and moral.

Ivan T. Sanderson is author of "The Continent We Live On" and "Abominable Snowmen."

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MALS IN TOWN

Sometimes the Asphalt Jungle really is a jungle

BY IVAN SANDERSON

AUG 8-1965

On a bright sunny morning in late May, we rolled into Pennsylvania Avenue from 16th Street, in Washington, D. C., some years ago to see a crowd gathered around the old Treasury Building. Asking a policeman what the trouble was, we received the laconic reply, "Dunno, but I've got to keep the traffic moving." We parked and ran across the road to join the throng.

This building is surrounded by a kind of moat rumored, although never confirmed, to have been constructed to keep out avaricious persons. Apparently, there was once a widespread notion that our "money" was kept there. The moat, both fairly deep and wide, runs right around the building. It is not, and never has been, water-filled.

As we pushed our way through the crowd, we perceived a number of official-looking hats rushing round and round this large gutter. We presented our credentials and were allowed onto a ramp leading over the moat to an entrance where we asked a uniformed guard what was happening.

"They got a fox down there," the guard stated rather flatly.

Evasive action

And so they did — by Jove — a very scared little gray fox, which was whistling around the concrete gutter, leaping at its walls and taking the most splendid evasive action as troops of human stalwarts converged upon it from both directions. It won every time.

Although we were on a story at the time, we also happened to be in the animal business and had the necessary equipment for fox-catching in our car. To spoil the story, however, before we were permitted to go into action, a uniformed man — from the ASPCA, I believe — netted the poor beast, and the fun was over. We went on our way, but we got to thinking.

About a week before, two bizarre incidents had been reported in New York. One concerned a famous department store, Bergdorf Goodman on Fifth Avenue.

A model wandered out of the Fur Department's stock room where millions of dollars' worth of fur coats are hung and announced blandly that there was "an awful funny looking pussycat in there." Nobody paid much attention since domestic cats are kept in many large stores to keep an eye on mouse encroachment — until a most peculiar odor was detected. It was awfully skunk-like and this sort of thing does not go at all in a chi-chi furrier's, so investigations were made. And guess what?

The case of the civet

A medium-sized, prettily-marked creature exuding a most pungent affluvium, with foxy face and a long bushy tail was detected cowering in a corner. "Experts" were called: it was an African civet!

The other incident was equally baffling and really rather alarming.

Three small boys were walking to school along Nostrand Avenue in Brooklyn. There are grass strips on either side of the multi-lane pavement, then sidewalks, and finally grass banks outside, dipping steeply to large ditches. The kids were scuffing along on an outer grass verge when one of them detected an enormous brown, hairy "behind" in the ditch.

There lay an Alaskan brown bear, fortunately quite stone-cold dead. When it is fully grown, this is the largest land-living carnivorous animal on earth, making our ordinary little black bears look like puppy dogs.

This is all very jolly but where did these animals come from?

There was absolutely no explanation or even suggestion as to how the bear had gotten where it was found. People just don't own Alaskan brown bears, and they are very valuable to zoos so that if one escaped there would be a hue and cry on several counts. Although airports are nearby, you don't shove a bear out of a plane

(TO PAGE 8)

NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 8 AUGUST 1965 - SUNDAY
NOTE: PAGE 8 IS MISSING AMONG THE NEWSPAPER MORGUE FILE OF IVAN SANDERSON

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NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 16 DECEMBER 1955 - FRIDAY

BOOK REVIEW

By LEWIS GANNETT

DEC 16 1955

LIVING MAMMALS OF THE WORLD. By Ivan T. Sanderson. Hanover House. 303 pages, 330 photographs, 190 in color. $9.95.

MAMMALS OF THE WORLD. By François Bourlière. Knopf. 223 pages, 122 photographs, twenty-three in color, eighteen drawings. $12.50.

WHEN I was a small boy the great event of the year was the Christmas visit to Philadelphia, and it was great not because I adored my Philadelphia relatives (though I did), but because Philadelphia had a big zoo within small-boy walking distance of my grandmother's house.

Small Boys and Animals

Perhaps it was because of that zoo that I so cherished a book called "Living Animals of the World," which Dodd, Mead & Co. published in 1902 in twenty-four sections of thirty-two pages each, each with a colored frontispiece, and every page illustrated by photographs "direct from life," at ten cents a section.

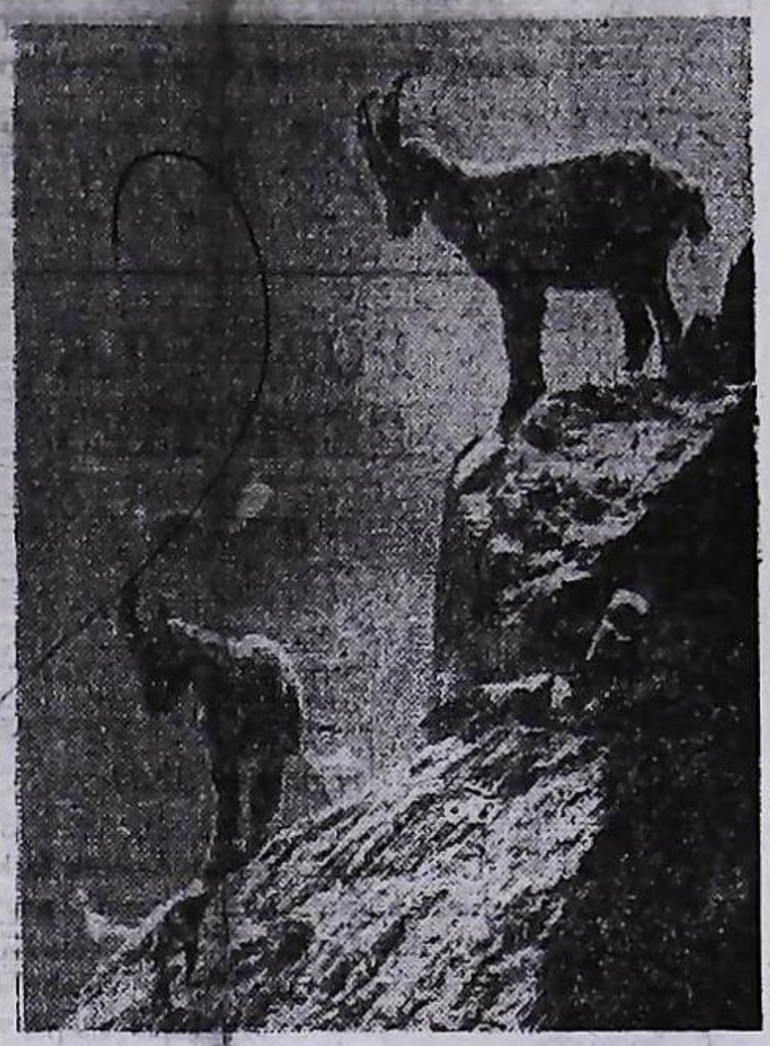
I have those ragged sections still, the pages pulled apart by loving study. The pictures, after fifty years' progress in photography, still seem amazingly good, though most of them were obviously taken in zoos; the text, not at all written down for children, still reads well. And it may be that there are eleven-year-olds in 1955 who will be as excited by the pictures and the text in the two handsome books on mammals appearing this season, as I was by "Living Animals" long ago.

Small boys or big boys, or girls, are more likely to be excited by the photographs of wild animals, especially from Africa, which the French zoologist, François Bourlière, has assembled, than by the excellent pictures, mostly taken in captivity, which illustrate Mr. Sanderson's book. On the other hand, Mr. Sanderson's text is far livelier. Mr. Sanderson made his fame as a writer before he became known as an animal collector. He is a sound scientist, but he also has an entrancingly wayward bump of curiosity and a knack for writing.

Of Whale and Armadillo Power

You may learn from Mr. Sanderson, for instance, that a mole eats twice its weight a day, and may collapse of starvation if it goes without food for twelve hours. You may also learn that the largest whale on record, a blue, weighed as much as thirty-five elephants, or 2,380 good-sized human beings, or, for that matter, as 136,000,000 pigmy shrews, which are the smallest known living mammals.

He will tell you that Melville's "Moby Dick," though a work of magnificent imagination, is also one of "almost total zoological inaccuracy."



Young Ibex—photographed by Charles Vaucher from "Living Mammals of the World."

And that a blue whale swims with a forward drive incomprehensible to engineers; a female of the species, with a harpoon in its back and half a mile of four-inch rope hitched to a twin-screw, steel-hulled, ninety-foot ship with engines set at full speed astern, once pulled the ship against its engines for eight and a half hours, at an average speed of five and a half knots.

Armadillos also have their own kind of power. Mr. Sanderson tells of a pair of these scaly beasts which dug their way out of a concrete pit overnight, lifting slabs a foot thick, four feet long and as much as three feet wide. Armadillos have about the strongest toenails known, and also carry an equipment of almost a hundred teeth each.

Green Sloths

Mr. Bourlière is primarily concerned with ecology and animal associations. He tells, for instance, why certain species of sloth look green. Their hair is really gray, he says, but sloths don't wash, and in their fur lives a rich flora of algae and a rich fauna of mites, beetles and moths, whose larvae feed on the algae. For the most part, however, M. Bourlière writes like an old-fashioned schoolmaster; the peculiar distinction of his book, printed in Paris, is its magnificent photographs.

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BOOK REVIEW

By LEWIS GANNETT

FEB 21 1956

FOLLOW THE WHALE. By Ivan T. Sanderson. Little, Brown. 423 pages. $6.

MR. IVAN SANDERSON, who first won fame by bringing small animals back alive and writing about them with intimacy and charm, has now turned his attention to the race of whales. If he has not brought many whales back alive, he has at least made whales live in his pages. Moreover, in the course of his pursuit of whale lore, he has also found occasion to hurl heavy barbed harpoons into many conventional notions of geography, history and prehistory, and, of course, cetology, or the science of whales.

10,000 Years of Whaling

The Nantucket whalers, as Mr. Sanderson never tires of pointing out, came late, and, in the long history of whaling, were relatively unimportant. Anyway, they learned what they knew from the Indians, who may have learned what they knew from the Siberians, or even the pre-Japanese inhabitants of Japan.

Ivan T. Sanderson

Whales have been around for twenty million years or so, and may be descendants of a land animal surprisingly like present-day armadillos. Whaling, or whale murder by the *genus homo*, has been going on for at least ten thousand years, as is proved by whalebone artifacts found in the "kitchen middens" of Stone Age man, and by prehistoric rock pictures in the fjords of what we call Norway.

Mr. Sanderson, a man of positive convictions, dislikes that word "Norway," also the misused word "Viking." He also disapproves of several gentlemen who crop up in his narrative, such as "the revoltingly successful general Caius Julius Caesar," and of most, but not all, previous writers (or legend spinners) about whales. He makes an exception of R. B. Robertson, author of that "wonderful book," "Of Whales and Whaling," reviewed in this column on April 26, 1954.

The Six Great Names

There are, for Mr. Sanderson, six and only six "really important" names in the history of whaling, and neither Jonah nor Herman Melville appears on his list. His six are Tiglath-Pileser, King of Assyria; François Sopite, the Basque; Capt. Christopher Hussey, of Nantucket; Samuel Enderby, of London; Svend Foyn, of Norge (not Norway, you will note), and Capt. Carl Anton Larsen, of that same country. If you want to know why these six rank so high, you had better read Mr. Sanderson's book.

The Phoenicians and the Assyrians knew a lot about whales, and so did Aristotle and Pliny, both of whom were right about some curious details which most naturalists of the last few centuries have stoutly disbelieved. If you look at maps as Mr. Sanderson does—and he draws some nice ones for you—you will understand why it was so much more natural for the Norsemen (not "Vikings") to sail to Greenland than to Constantinople, though they did both, and why it was equally natural for the Basques to go whale hunting off Newfoundland long before Columbus was supposed to have discovered a new world. His maps also help you understand the proto-Japanese.

Whalers for Mars

Neglected records help almost as much as maps. "Almost everybody from Finmark to Gibraltar was engaged in whaling about 875 A. D., according to Mr. Sanderson, which somewhat alters the conventional picture of the so-called Dark Ages. Probably the proto-Japanese and also the Amerinds were also whaling about that time, and naturally whalers made discoveries of which they preferred not to share the secret. Mr. Sanderson profoundly admires whalers, ancient and modern. "The best man to guide the first rocket-ship to the moon or Mars," he opines, "would probably be a young whale-chaser captain"—from "Norge."

I won't go into detail on Mr. Sanderson's circumstantial reports of whale voices and whale mating, or even on the unique asymmetry of that extraordinarily able animal, the sperm whale. But I would like to record my conviction that Mr Sanderson had a wonderful good time writing his book, as I did reading it.

NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 21 FEBRUARY 1956 - TUESDAY

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NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 21 SEPTEMBER 1952 - SUNDAY
SECTION: NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE BOOK REVIEW - PAGE 10
REVIEWED BY L. S. BECHTEL

...the American Mammals." Now he writes of one creature, and one also written of by the Georges. Why they all wanted to tell about this most cruel, queer little wild animal, now most famous for the uses of its fur, is a bit puzzling. However, the book is very well written, giving an amazing amount of information in an easily flowing report of one year in a mink's life. The small type makes it more suitable for the teen-age and adults.

Most of us have more sympathy with those noble, huge creatures of the West, of whom Mr. Montgomery writes. He tells of an elk's friendship with an old horse and their escape together from a trapper. It is hardly believable, but

By Gardell Dano Christensen
From "Wapiti, the Elk"

boys and girls will like it. Of course it ends with a thrilling fight in which Wapiti kills the old bull and becomes leader of the herd. Type and pictures are attractive.

It will surprise many to find a coyote the hero of a book. He was introduced in a former story in which he was captured and taken to a zoo. Now in "The Return of Mojave Joe" he has escaped and found his way back to the California hills, with his mate. Again the men of the Brant ranch provide friendly understanding of Joe and his family of little Joes. The villains are the trappers who create plenty of excitement; they almost get the baby coyotes and also the gold bars in their den before Mel does. Their actions and revenge on the Brants seem overdone, as does the wisdom of the coyote. However, it is far above the average western, for many boys over twelve.

NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 3 FEBRUARY 1955 - THURSDAY

FEB 3 - 1955

Ivan Sanderson's Animals Burn

BELVIDERE, N. J., Feb. 2 (AP). —A barn fire last night destroyed forty-five rare animals on the farm of Ivan Sanderson, writer and naturalist, while he was appearing in New York on a television program.

The animals were the major part of Mr. Sanderson's collection, which he displayed in a tropical zoo on Route 46 during the summer and on television programs weekly in New York.

Among the animals destroyed were a masked palm civit from Borneo, a member of the cat family; a bassaricyon, a raccoon-like animal from Costa Rica, and an acuchi, from South America, an animal resembling a rabbit. The only animals to escape the fire, which leveled the barn, were an African sheep staked outside, and four animals Mr. Sanderson had with him in New York.

Mr. Sanderson, forty-three, is a former chief collector for the British Museum, and writes magazine articles and books on nature. A native of England, he has lived on his farm, ten miles northeast of here, for the last year.

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SEP 21 1952

about twelve.

MEPH: The Pet Skunk.
By John and Jean George. Illustrated by Jean George. *180 pp. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.75.*

THE SILVER MINK.
By Ivan T. Sanderson. Illustrated by the author. *162 pp. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.*

WAPITI, THE ELK.
By Rutherford G. Montgomery. Illustrated by Gardell D. Christensen. *186 pp. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.*

THE RETURN OF MOJAVE JOE.
By Dustin C. Scott. Illustrated by Charles H. Geer. *164 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.*

SOME boys and girls of about twelve read animal stories fairly seriously for nature study; for others, they are just another escape, as are horse stories, and it is the amount of primitive excitement that counts, rather than the information. Here are books in which these elements vary. Those by Sanderson and Montgomery come closest to the old Seton-Thompson tradition.

The Georges bring to their fourth book more human characters and more of a plot than to their other three. They still offer plenty of detailed observation, and many of their beautiful and well-reproduced wash drawings. A boy, Sycamore Will, keeps Meph for a while for a pet. His family and the matter of soil conservation add interest to the story. The friendship between boy and animal is well done and not sentimentalized, and the whole country scene is very real. The more serious readers will find it rewarding. We liked it best of all the Georges' books.

Mr. Sanderson is famous for his fine reference book, "How to Know the American Mammals." Now he writes of one creature, and one also written of by the Georges. Why they all wanted to tell about this most cruel, queer little wild animal, now most famous for the uses of its fur, is a bit puzzling. However, the book is very well written, giving an amazing amount of information in an easily flowing report of one year in a mink's life. The small type makes it more suitable for the teen-age and adults.

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LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 21 SEPTEMBER 1952 - SUNDAY
REVIEWED BY L. S. BECHTEL NEW YORK TRIBUNE BOOK REVIEW - PAGE 10

NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 5 OCTOBER 1951 - FRIDAY

OCT 5 1951

ROD AND GUN

An Author Discusses Dietary Habits of the Fox, and The Editor Takes Certain Sharp Exceptions

By Edmund Gilligan

FOR the last hundred years, if not just a little bit longer, our scientific literature has been plagued by the authors' custom of giving credit to all their chums, associates and predecessors, especially those who have patiently read the proofs. One can't avoid the feeling, in reading some books, that the help amounted almost to collaboration. This is especially true of books that are, fundamentally, recapitulations of others, such as "How to Know the American Mammals," by Ivan T. Sanderson (Little, Brown & Co.). Mr. Sanderson, I assume, really means how to recognize our beasties. "Knowing" a deer is hardly to be expected even of a scientist.

Book Has Sound Values

This book has the sound values of any synthesis. Everything is there, including the tracks and habitats and the usual inaccuracies. There are many rather ordinary line drawings by the author of various specimens, which seem to have been copied for the most part from pictures and mounted specimens.

It could not possibly be true, of course, that Mr. Sanderson has actually observed all these animals in their habitats. Such observation is much more than a lifetime's work. Anyway, the pronghorn's nose is out of joint, and there is mud in its beautiful eyes. Even the familiar moose is out of proportion. There are several full color plates by Louis Agassiz Suertes, including one of the grizzly bear, in which the face, oddly enough, accurately resembles the bland expression of H. G. Wells when last I saw him. I can't imagine how this happened.

Since I am interested in the destruction of foxes for the sake of the pheasants and the grouse, I read Mr. Sanderson's page on the red fox with much concern. I had always believed that the Irish and English fox-hunting tradition originated in a plain desire to keep the geese and capons safe for the table.

It seems that this idea is wrong. Mr. Sanderson asserts that "its fleetness and fatal habit of adhering to a small area around its home den have aroused the hunting instinct of men from earliest times to today." In my surprise I dropped the book, and, on hastily reopening it, found the diet of the black bear in excessive detail: . . . "Deer and other large game and small mammals, wild bees and honey, ants, birds' eggs, berries, fruits, nuts, roots and even grass and skunk cabbage."

I turned back to the red fox and found his diet rather abruptly summed up as follows: "The red fox serves a most useful service in keeping down the excess rodent-vermin population." I dropped the book again; this time it stays dropped.

Statements Dismaying

In the history of conservation nothing is more dismaying than these indirect statements that the fox disdains fat geese, capons and particularly breast of pheasant, and that a clutch of wild duck eggs or grouse eggs now and then is equally distasteful to him. We are to understand that, in the middle of winter, the fox's love of field mice leads him to scrape through crust and snow, when all the time there is the pheasant shuddering on its roost above him.

How does Mr. Sanderson come to this wrong conclusion? Since he has collected thousands of specimens, we might expect he knows what a fox's tummy contains. I see that in his acknowledgments there is this: "My thanks are due also to Dr. Clarence Cottam, Assistant Director of the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, for having read the manuscript from the point of view of one entrusted with the preservation of our wild fauna."

I suppose, then, that this semi-collaboration may be one way of continuing such preservation in a case where it is dangerous to do so.

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NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 14 JULY 1940 - SUNDAY

for Herman Scheible, of 121 Thomas Street, Bloomfield, N. J.

The weekly winner in Class B, Young People and Adults, is Elise Voysey, of Cliff Drive, Bayville, L. I. Her picture shows a girl swimmer and her dog seated on a huge rock overlooking the water with a [illegible] in the distance.

A city street scene in which the

(Continued on page 2, column 2)

HERALD TRIBUNE
JUL 14 1940

Zoological Collection Held in U. S. for Britain

Chicago Museum to House South American Specimens

Special to the Herald Tribune

CHICAGO, July 13.—A large collection of Central American invertebrate animals, mammals and reptiles obtained by Ivan T. Sanderson of Belize, British Honduras, for the British Museum, will be housed in the Field Museum of Natural History for the duration of the war, Clifford C. Gregg, director of the museum, said today.

Rudyerd Boulton, curator of birds, and D. Dwight Davis, assistant curator of anatomy, while on the recent expedition to the Caribbean, met Mr. Sanderson and arranged to send the material here.

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NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 15 DECEMBER 1946 - SUNDAY

HERALD TRIBUNE
DEC 15 1946

stand the man as a product of his age and as a prime mover in the great collapse of that age which [illegible] his work must read other books too. Some of the best of them were written by Leo Tolstoy.

Famous Stories

ANIMAL TALES:
An Anthology of Animal Literature of All Countries. Compiled and annotated by Ivan T. Sanderson. . . . *528 pp. . . . New York: Alfred A. Knopf. . . . $5.*

HERE are thirty-one famous stories involving animals; some really happened, others are realistic, imaginative or fantastic fiction. They range the field of literature and maintain a high level both of skill in narration and entertainment value. But what gives them a particularly strong appeal at this time of year is their new feature, the beautiful brush paintings by which the editor has illustrated them. Against backgrounds of soft greenish-gray, these creatures in black and white crouch, walk or maintain the startled pose of the wild abruptly confronted by man. Ivan Sanderson is not only an artist, not only a naturalist, not only an author; he reveals in this work an unusual gift for interpretative criticism, shown in the comment which connects the stories and in the thoroughly and scholarly essay on the animal tale with which the book opens.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 15 SEPTEMBER 1940 - SUNDAY

ANIMALS NOBODY KNOWS.

Text and Illustrations by Ivan T. Sanderson . . . *78 pp. . . . New York: Viking Press . . . $2.*

HERALD TRIBUNE
SEP 15 1940

THE title of this delightful book is more alluring than accurate; I have myself met an aard vark at the Bronx Zoo, the aye-aye may be found in crosswords, and the spotted cuscus and babirusa, unless my memory has sprung a leak, in the Book of Knowledge, while numbers of grown-ups exclaimed over pictures like these in Mr. Sanderson's "Animal Treasure" and "Caribbean Treasure." But this is mere quibbling; practically nobody in the United States knows a jerboa personally, or a bandicoot, or for that matter most of the strange graces that disport under these large fair pages. This is an animal Book of Beauty.

The artist-author made the book, text and pictures, in the jungle of Dutch Guiana. The descriptions are lucid and personal; naturalists are masters of style whether they mean to be or not. The pictures are fluent, exotic designs that yet are portraits,

There is a gerenuk one longs to keep at hand for its melodious curves, and these shrews and civets are like something dreamed of by Dunsany in his youth. Try this book on a child who loves animals and is just getting interested in such as he has not yet seen.

* * *

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THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

LIVING TREASURE.

By Ivan T. Sanderson. . . . *290 pp. . . . New York: The Viking Press. . . . $3.50.*

Reviewed by
W. ADOLPHE ROBERTS
Author of "The Caribbean," etc.

HERALD TRIBUNE
APR 20 1941

NATURAL history in the tropics is an inexhaustible source of romance of the quieter sort, and Mr. Sanderson is one of its most gifted exponents. He is a keen observer who writes with an infectious enthusiasm and who also draws uncommonly well. The thirty-two illustrations in this volume are alone worth more than the price of the book.

Mr. Sanderson, his wife Alma and a crochety assistant named Fred made a trip for scientific purposes—the author detests the word expedition and all "pomposities," as he terms them—through Jamaica, British Honduras and part of Yucatan. He kept a record of his experiences, and in these pages he tells us, almost haphazardly, what he chooses to remember for the lay public. Many of the scenes are exquisite word paintings of the wilderness. A few are adventures which might have ended tragically, but didn't. At times he is the cool investigator, who notes minute facts and expounds theories. At others he writes facetiously, as if eager to get a laugh of every little contretemps the jungle had to offer.

In Jamaica he came upon a rare parasite in the ear of a bat. He gives the Latin name, explaining that it means the round-mouthed ones. Only three or four examples had been previously discovered, and all of them in Brazil. Its presence had not been suspected in the middle American region. This set the pace for whatever else the Sanderson party did. Howler monkeys and Haitian wild horses were more dramatic, but the tiny bloodsucker that resembled a tick or a mite loomed larger in their plans. A considerable number of specimens were collected, and just how this was accomplished makes a bizarre undertone in a narrative full of variety. A round-mouthed trophy is featured in the last paragraph of the book.

There are fascinating pages on the attas, or parasol ants, described as the only animal, apart from man, that has developed and perfected the practice of agriculture. "This unique accomplishment," writes Mr. Sanderson, "is the essence of their success, and through this a[illegible] have been able to advance other of their activities to a degree of efficiency that sometimes surpasses our own." His account of an atta subterranean city, with a population of at least a million and a complicated economy, bears comparison with the writing of Fabre, the naturalist, who has dealt most brilliantly with the life of ants. To quote:

> Parasol ants are not mere regimented automatons. In all their ceaseless, regulated activity they seem to find a place for individual initiative, intelligence and, perhaps, even compassion. . . . It is perhaps permissible to say that these animals are really civilized. They certainly undergo a constant drudgery befitting this estate.

A must for nature lovers, "Living Treasure" is the third book of a series about the tropics by Mr. Sanderson. Its equally attractive predecessors were "Animal Treasure" and "Caribbean Treasure."

NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 20 APRIL 1941 - SUNDAY

COPIED FROM THE COLLECTIONS IN THE CENTER FOR AMERICAN HISTORY
THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

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THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

From "The Continent We Live On"

A lone poppy amid the sun-baked desolation of the Great Basin area

THE CONTINENT WE LIVE ON. By Ivan T. Sanderson. 235 photographs, 109 in color. 299 pp. New York: Chanticleer Press—Random House. $16.95 until January 1; $20 thereafter.

OCT 29 1961

By Lewis Gannett

THIS is a magnificent book about a magnificent continent, which few North Americans have ever seen or understood as Scottish-born Ivan Sanderson has seen and understood it.

Mr. Sanderson started out in 1959 with an old dream in his heart, he says, and a set of photographs of North America's natural wonders to inspire him. With a geologist, a photographer and an amateur ornithologist as companions, he drove 57,000 miles in a second-hand station wagon—round the Florida and Texas coasts, deep into Mexico, crisscrossing the Western prairies and mountains, up through the wildernesses of British Columbia to Alaska and back through the heartland, with a side airplane flight to Hudson Bay. He had previously flown over Labrador and Greenland; and he was himself a naturalist, a mammalogist, ecologist turned what he now calls "phytogeographer," and a popular writer and lecturer. His aim was to give a "simple, non-technical description" of this various continent as it was before the coming of the white men began the Great Blight.

Illustrating a Continent

Just who assembled the "set of magnificent color photographs" which helped start Ivan Sanderson on his journey this book does not say, and one wonders; for the pictures, even more than the text, make the book. Only two of them are by Mr. Sanderson's photographer-companion on his journey; more are by Fritz Goro, Alfred Eisenstaedt and others of Life's photographic crew. Many of the finest photographs of bird and plant life, which most directly illustrate Mr. Sanderson's text, are by Eliot Porter; others are credited to Allen Cruickshank and other associates of the National Audubon Society. Still other credits go to such oddly assorted sources as the United States Forest, National Park and Fish and Wild Life Services, the Michigan Conservation Department, the Georgia Forestry Commission, the Ontario Department of Lands, the Los Angeles Museum, Western Ways Features and the Union Pacific Railroad. Whoever selected and arranged them should have major credit for the beauty and significance of this book, which does, indeed, illustrate and interpret a continent.

Wonder and Excitement

Mr. Sanderson is a scientist and a writer with a sense of wonder in his heart; and when he writes, in the course of his 140,000-word text, of his excitement at discovering an almost primeval bit of wilderness in a North Jersey swamp, of a tropical Mexican waterfall, "the most beautiful in the world," of the vast congregations of migratory birds and "wondrous creatures" on the Texas islands, of riding a manatee off the Florida Keys, or of unspoiled Mexico, he lifts the reader's heart with him.

He is a scientist with something of John Gunther's gift for the amazing if irrelevant fact. He is as passionately factual about the poisonous scorpions as about the "dish-faced bears" (don't ever suggest in his presence that such terms as "black" or "brown" or "grizzly" bears have any scientific meaning). It delights him that Alaska is one of the few parts of this continent that has never been glaciated; that it is obviously impossible for three-inch hummingbirds to fly twelve hundred miles, at ninety wingbeats a minute, across open sea—but that they do; that no one really knows quite how salmon find their way home, or how a billion bats can pour out of a fifty-foot cave-mouth in a few minutes without a single collision; that a single oyster pumps fifty gallons of water a day through its system; that the Grand Canyon itself is an inexplicable geological mystery. He enjoys exploding myths: California's sequoias, he points out, are not the tallest, the heaviest or the oldest of North American trees; and some of the kelp plants off the coast may be bulkier! He argues that, next to beaver, the prairie dog has done more than any other native animal to make North America what it is today.

He is also an earnest "phytogeographer" determined to sort out and label the phytogeographical "provinces" and "belts" and "zones" into which this great continent may be classified; and since the accidents of geography force him on occasion to include such assorted areas as Pike's Peak, the Carlsbad Canyon and the Grand Canyon in a single "province" (they may be called, he explained, sub-zones of sub-belts), his pigeonholing efforts may remind some readers of the semantic waste lands of the sub-literature called "sociology."

The serious-minded reader nevertheless may realize, through all this classification, more of the essential structure and variety of this continent than he had ever guessed possible; and the casual browser will be delighted at word-pictures of tundras and taigas, grass plains and near-jungles, birds and rocks and flowers and trees, unexcelled in all the literature of our landscape. And any one who picks up the book and turns its pages will feel pulsing excitements, sometimes of recognition, sometimes of discovery, of the persistent beauty of a continent which all our sprawling cities have not yet succeeded in spoiling.

Is Man "Unnatural"?

"Spoiling" is Mr. Sanderson's word; he loves Nature "unspoiled." But what, to a detached evolutionist, can "spoiling" mean? From an earthworm's point of view, for instance, the prairie dogs and the beavers—not to mention the glaciers of the Ice Age—have been "spoiling" this continent for millenia. For the dinosaurs who once roamed it, certainly it was "spoiled" long ago. And if the "spoilings" of the past are accepted as products of "Nature"—or, as some say, God—why should not Lake Mead and even New York City also be accepted as patterns of natural evolution? Is only man, and man necessarily, "unnatural"?

Lewis Gannett, an accomplished and devoted naturalist who has crossed the continent a number of times, is author of "Sweet Land" and other books.

NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 29 OCTOBER 1961 - SUNDAY
SECTION: NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE BOOKS - PAGE 3
REFERENCE SOURCE: BOOK REVIEW DIGEST 1962 ANNUAL

COPIED FROM THE COLLECTIONS IN THE CENTER FOR AMERICAN HISTORY
THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

60 Million Years of Whales

FOLLOW THE WHALE.
By Ivan T. Sanderson. Maps and charts by the author. Chapter head drawings by F. Wenderoth Saunders. 423 pp. Boston: *Little, Brown and Company*. $6.

MAR 18 1956

Reviewed by
ROBERT CUSHMAN MURPHY

THE bibliography of whaling has passed 7,000 titles. Most accounts treat of a single phase or epoch. Ivan Sanderson starts at or near the beginning and brings us up to the minute. Quite properly, he understands whales and whaling as referring to all cetaceans and their capture—porpoises and dolphins no less than the giants. He shows us that recorded whaling forms only a thin topmost stratum of a calling that goes back eight millennia. Further, indeed, because bone harpoons from the coast of Portugal have been dated by archeologists as of 16,000 years B. C.

In short, Mr. Sanderson's book deals with the whole gamut of whaling from the dimly surmised prehistoric methods to the present-day hegemony of the Norwegians. Between these extremes we view the subject—rather conjecturally in the earlier stages—as practiced by the Phoenicians, Greeks and Romans, and later (500-1600 A.D.) by Norse, Basque and Japanese contemporaries. This leads to the much better known campaigns, beginning in the seventeenth century, of English, Dutch, Scotch and American whalemen, all of which were eclipsed by the current efficient butchery in which, to paraphrase the saying about Chicago pork-packers, each captured whale is completely utilized except for the spout. Under the curious title of "Posthistoric Period," the author treats of whales and their ancestors in reverse direction, from 1955 back to "60,000,000 B. C.," that is, to the commencement of the Age of Mammals. The book also has three sections of introductory matter, five appendixes, one of which contains drawings of fifty species of cetaceans and a bibliography arranged by periods and subjects.

Each chapter in the historical section opens with a scene of highly dramatized fiction—not lacking purple passages—followed by the factual record so far as the author has been able to unearth it. His *métier* is discursive and a wealth of history or, at any rate, of historical impressions, is obtainable from the reading. He pays tribute to the contributions of successive national groups and concludes that the Hollanders, who started in the early seventeenth century and held the lead for 200 years, are still the champions for sound management and the purchasing power of their profits.

Mr. Sanderson points out four great critical events in whaling history. These are: the first cutting-in and boiling on a ship at sea, by the Basque, François Sopite, near the end of the sixteenth century; the first capture of a sperm whale, by Christopher Hussey, of Nantucket, 1712; the invention of the harpoon-cannon, by Svend Foyn, 1864; the building of the first factory ship by C. A. Larsen, 1923. But stressed throughout his whole story is the universality of whaling by maritime peoples.

Mr. Sanderson in this book has the field pretty much to himself, and the reviewer finds it easier to accept than to evaluate. The account of modern steam whaling is an excellent summary, though not without its slips. No harpoon-cannon, for example, was ever charged with "350 pounds of black powder." Mr. Sanderson states that the current exploitation has taken "as many as twenty thousand whales in one year." The actual figure, horrible to contemplate, is 64,664!

His description of Yankee whaling under sail contains a larger number of departures from fact. (His bibliography for this section is also strikingly deficient.) Most astonishing is the allegation that "sperm whales have to be held afloat after death." The contrary is true; dead sperm whale practically never sink, even in the relatively non-buoyant tropical water. There is no creditable record of a sperm whale weighing a "hundred tons." Neither does a Yankee crew go "overboard upon the corpse and start cutting-in." This work, except for one brief operation, is all done from a suspended scaffold, the cutting-stage. Nor did the Yankees use "clinker-built boats." Smooth whaleboats make much less noise. Indeed errors in factual detail are too numerous to mention here. Zoologically and nautically, too, Mr. Sanderson sometimes outstrides the evidence. Navigational quadrants, for instance, were carried on no vessels in the seventeenth century, because the instrument was devised in 1730.

Mr. Sanderson's eleven maps, showing the oceans stripped of a real distortion and misleading conventional orientation, are in line with the new geography.

Dr. Murphy went whaling in the Far South with the late Capt. C. A. Larsen. He is also author of "Logbook for Grace," the personal record of a year's cruise in a New Bedford whaler.

"Indispensable." —N. Y. Times

Volume X — History of the United States Naval Operations in World War II

BY

Samuel Eliot

NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 18 MARCH 1956 - SUNDAY
SECTION: NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE BOOKS - PAGE 11
REFERENCE SOURCE: BOOK REVIEW DIGEST 1956 ANNUAL

WHOSE Footprints?

DEC 24 1961

ABOMINABLE SNOWMEN: Legend Come to Life. By Ivan T. Sanderson. Illustrated. 525 pp. New York: Chilton Company. $7.50.

By William O. Douglas

IN SIKKIM the Maharajah showed me through the window of his living room where he had seen an abominable snowman running across the lawn. In Calcutta Tenzing told me that all the Sherpas, including himself, were certain there was such an animal. In the Gobi Desert of Mongolia I heard that the abominable snowman was frequently seen. There he is known as Almaz.

These are the types of rumors and folklore any traveler to the areas of the Himalayan ranges hears. The author of this book starts with the legends and conducts a journalistic inquiry into their sources and their veracity.

He covers a wide territory in his search. British Columbia and Northern California have their own special legends. So does Albany, Oregon, with its 1961 report of the "monster of Conser Lake." There were eighteen and a half inch footprints on the beaches of northern Washington to match those Eric Shipton photographed in the snowfields of the Himalaya. People in Mexico have seen an abominable snowman, they say. A man in British Columbia swears he was captured by four of them and held for a few days.

They were reported seen in British Guiana. Africa reports the presence of abominable snowmen in three areas. In some regions the abominable snowman is a pygmy; in others it is a giant. The author follows reports into Indonesia and South Asia. His attempt is to separate fact from fiction and to relate those accounts which are reliable to the theme of the book, viz., that the abominable snowman is a "hominid" other than known kinds of modern man. His attempt is to relate these legends to anthropology.

He takes all the evidence and breaks it down in the fashion of an FBI laboratory technician, and ends up with nothing but footprints. These come in four different forms and are widely separated. But from these meager data he constructs an interesting theory. He believes the abominable snowman does exist, and he suggests the basis for further scientific research.

The author is loquacious but never boring. He is in a sense a special pleader. How an anthropologist would assess his data I do not know. But his book promises to give the abominable snowman a new prominence, at least in legend and folklore.

William O. Douglas, a Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, is a world-wide traveler.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 24 DECEMBER 1961 - SUNDAY
SECTION: NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE BOOKS - PAGE 6
REFERENCE SOURCE: BOOK REVIEW DIGEST 1962 ANNUAL

Biography

IVAN TERENCE SANDERSON

Mar. 25, 1955

Born: Edinburgh, Scotland, January 30, 1911.
Father: Arthur Buchanan Sanderson, Whisky manufacturer (Vat 69)
Mother: Stella Robertson de Boileau, financier.
Education: private schools; Eton College 1924-27; Cambridge University 1929-31, B.A. degrees with Honors in Geology, Zoology and Botany.

(Note: Father killed by rhinoceros making Martin Johnson's film "Cimba" in 1924. All these films were made on his father's farm and private game reserve in Kenya.)

Chronological Record

Prior to 1927: Extensive traveling with family from the age of five years. Visited Norway, north Atlantic islands, Mediterranean coast, etc. Season on a Norwegian steam whaler [illegible]. Extensive travel also on the mainland of Europe visiting almost all countries.

1927-29 Upon leaving Eton, he made a round-the-world trip, spending several months in Indonesia collecting zoological specimens for the British Museum. The itinerary was from England to France Egypt, India, Ceylon, Malaya, Sumatra, Java, Bali, Celeles, New Guinea and a large number of the smaller islands by native prau, to Indo-China, Siam, and thence on foot to Canton, China from where he went by sea to Shanghai. Visited Peking and Marbin and crossed to Japan and thence by schooner crossed to the U.S. and drove through 32 states before returning to England, where he attended Cambridge University for three years.

1931-32 On leaving Cambridge, organized and led scientific expedition to Nigeria and the Cameroons, West Africa on behalf of the British Museum, Cambridge and London Universities, the Royal Society and the Linnean Societies of London. Collected over 20,000 specimens which were written up in a number of technical journals. Popular book Animal Treasure a Book-of-the-Month Club selection for 1937.

1932-35 Scientific research in England and established company in field of industrial consultants. Several trips to European countries and an extended collecting trip to Morocco.

1935-36 Second scientific expedition, to the West Indies, on behalf of Cambridge University and the Government of Trinidad where he studied the vampire bats that carry human rabies. Jamaica, Haiti, Leeward Islands and Trinidad.

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1936-37 Third scientific expedition to Suriname (Dutch Guiana) on behalf of the British Museum. Again over 20,000 specimens collected, and reports published in scientific journals. Popular book Caribbean Treasure, best seller now published in nine languages.

1937-38 Fourth scientific expedition to Jamaica, British Honduras, and Yucatan. Complete forest and faunal survey made of British Honduras for the local government and collections of specimens made for British Museum and Chicago Natural History Museum. Bought a 60-foot schooner, completely rebuilt and refitted as a home with laboratory. Made a trip down to the Amazon, then laid up the boat. Children's book Animals Nobody Knows.

1938-39 Fifth expedition to west coast mountain ranges of Mexico from Sonora to Tehuantepec and Chiapes. The purpose was the rediscovery of 22 species of rats only once before collected. Fifteen of these were obtained.

1939-40 Sixth scientific expedition from British Honduras by schooner throughout the West Caribbean visiting over 5000 cays and islands and then proceeding to the Mosquito Coast of Nicaragua and up the Juringuas River 100 miles into unexplored territory. Several thousands of specimens collected. Third book entitled Living Treasure published during this period.

1940-43 British Naval Intelligence. In charge of western Caribbean area for certain services during submarine warfare. Extensive travels in the line of duty.

1943-47 Transferred to British Ministry of Information in New York. Sole liaison officer British American overseas information and propaganda for all countries outside the U.S., the United Kingdom, and enemy-occupied territory. In charge press analysis on behalf of all British home and overseas ministries and diplomatic posts. Transfered to British Foreign Office with diplomatic rank 1946. One book, a fictional story for children entitled Mystery Schooner was a Junior Literary Guild choice for 1944.

1947-53 Resigned from British Government Service, organized his own business as a New York corporation and became a permanent resident of the U.S. Re-commenced writing popular natural history-- Animal Tales, an anthology (1947); Trinidad, a guide book (1950); How to Know The American Mammals, popular science (1951); The Silver Mink, a natural history juvenile (1952) John and Juan in The Jungle, a juvenile (1953). Numerous articles in many national magazines such as the Readers Digest, Saturday Evening Post, True, Argosy, etc. Yearly lecture tour.

In 1948 he was invited by the National Broadcasting Company to start a five-day-a-week radio series on natural science over WNBC. This was maintained until 1949. In late 1948 a twice-weekly television series on natural history was also

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began over WNBT. In 1951 he initiated the first regularly telecast Color-TV series, five days a week for CBS. This continued until color-casting was discontinued by government order. In 1952 he did a five-day-a-week broadcast and a once-a-week telecast as Science & Research Director for Station WBAL in Baltimore. At the same time, he began regular weekly appearances on the Garry Moore Show over the CBS Network. This feature is now in its second continuous successful year. In April 1952, he began a twice-weekly radio series over station WSTC, Stamford, Conn., on behalf of the Stamford Museum. He has appeared on all networks as a guest in a variety of programs and has presented his own programs via NBC Color (1953) and ABC (1953).

In 1952, also, he founded a small private zoo in collaboration with the Museum at Stamford, and began training a collection of rare animals for research, exhibition purposes and television. These activities are part of a separate operation known as Ivan Sanderson, Inc. with offices at 3215 Northern Blvd., Long Island City, New York.

Because of Mr. Sanderson's many interests, his work is channelled through special representatives in each field. In addition to the specialized work of his own firm, the following organizations serve as his representatives.

Literary Agent:	Paul R. Reynolds & Son 599 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
Newspaper Features and Reportage:	North American Newspaper Alliance 229 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y.
Lectures:	W. Colston Leigh 521 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
Radio and Television and Personal Representative:	Joseph I. Sonnenreich 143 West 103rd Street, New York, N.Y. MOnument 3-7138

For additional information, call or write Mr. Sanderson's personal representative.

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NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 11 NOVEMBER 1948 - THURSDAY

'Dinosaur' Got Help In Making Tracks

Trail in Suwanee Land Is Found To Be Man-Made

By a Staff Correspondent

OLD TOWN, Dixie County, Fla., Nov. 10.—Ivan Sanderson, who has a natural-history program on radio station WNBC and who is down here on the Suwanee River investigating some large three-toed tracks which were found near a tourist camp, concluded today that the tracks were man made and not of animal origin. Most local residents continue to profess mystification as the flow of winter tourists increases.

Mr. Sanderson moved over to the idea that the tracks were man made after studying a chart of the tracks he had made on graph paper. After announcing his decision Mr. Sanderson prepared to take a boat trip of several days on the Suwanee River.

Although Mark Cheney, who operates the tourist camp near which the tracks were found, denied that he knew anything about how they were made, other local residents less interested in the tourist business indicated that the simulated dinosaur feet had been brought here from Clearwater, Fla., and strapped to the feet of a man who then pranced around in the wet sand along the river bank. Similar tracks had appeared at Clearwater, 120 miles away, during the last tourist season.

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of the many characters in cast.

There is Mr. Cheney, who found the tracks. He is a friendly, thin-faced man who operates a well advertised tourist court, restaurant, gift shop and the Jungle Drive. His manner is co-operative, but regarding the origin of the tracks he just doesn't know what to think.

There is State Highway Patrolman Carlos Musgrove, who reported the tracks to the newspapers after Mr. Cheney had informed him of his find. Patrolman Musgrove, who measured the tracks with sticks, shakes his head and says, "If it was put there by man he did a perfect job. It's got me stumped."

There is Al Williams, a business man from Clearwater, who has taken a deep interest in the tracks since they first appeared in the Clearwater section last February, and who has an admitted penchant for practical joking. Mr Williams flew here from Clearwater to inspect the tracks, and returned again yesterday. He has a habit of pointing out how difficult it would be for human beings to make the tracks. On the other hand, he points out that the only tangible evidence is the tracks themselves. "That's all we've got to go on," he says.

Then there is Martin L. Sharp, a taciturn river man, tall, thin, weather-beaten and soft-spoken. When questioned about the tracks he said, "A little unusual for this section." Then he proceeded to tell about hearing something make a "big churnin' fuss" in the swamp one night.

There is E. G. Williams, a small, wrinkled fisherman who virtually lives on the river. After inspecting the tracks he said, "Never seen anything like 'em before." When asked what he thought of them, he grinned and said, "I got an opinion, but I ain't saying what it is." Then he started the motor of his little boat and was soon chugging over the dark waters, his bent figure in the stern and his eyes scanning every foot of the banks, with their moss-hung trees.

There is John R. Bothwell, reporter of "The St. Petersburg Times," who came to the Suwannee River to tell the story of the tracks,. After getting available facts he expressed the opinion that there are public-spirited citizens in Florida who will go to considerable length to attract tourists to their sections.

There are many more characters, including superstitious natives who tell dark tales of the swamps, and the tourists, a new group of whom occupy the cabins each night. They are interested but cannot be relied upon for anything pertinent, especially in the case of one woman from Tennessee who asked, "Is this the St. Lawrence River?"

Missing from the cast of characters is any representative of the American Museum of Natural History. They prefer to stay in New York, holding to the findings of science which says that dinosaurs became extinct sixty million years ago.

Mr. Sanderson continues to carry on his investigation and record his broadcasts. The Suwanee River keps on its winding way through the swamp. At night the barred owls emit their strange cries in the cyprus trees and the alligators thrash about in the shadows.

any persons have measured the tracks, ardent investigator is who has a Nat- gram at 9:15 a. m. ekdays on WNBC, and who has written magazine articles toying with the possibilty of living dinosaurs. Mr. Sanderson came down from New York to investigate this peculiar incident. He has measured and studied the tracks and questioned many individuals. Up to now he has declined to give an opinion as to whether the tracks are animal-made or man-made.

Some consider it significant that V. T. Hamlin, the artist who draws the comic strip "Alley Oop," is a winter resident of Clearwater. Recently one of the dinosaurs in the strip swallowed a radio and has been emitting music as a result. The song which has been coming out of the dinosaur lately is "Way Down upon the Suwanee Ribber."

Meanwhile, the cast of characters continues to grow. There are few who are not suspect. People get off in pairs and small groups and discuss the possibly significant actions of others. Anything that might have bearing on the tracks becomes the subject of intense analysis. While Mr. Sanderson is analyzing the chart he has made of a section of the tracks, it is well to go back and introduce

NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 10 NOVEMBER 1948 - WEDNESDAY
PAGE 1 & 22, column 5-7.
ARTICLE: 3-TOED TRACKS LIKE A DINOSAUR'S KEEP SUWANEE LAND STIRRED UP.
AUTHOR: JOHN O'REILLY

HERALD TRIB
NOV 10 1948

3-Toed Tracks Like a Dinosaur's Keep Suwanee Land Stirred Up

IVAN SANDERSON

By John O'Reilly

[Mr. O'Reilly will have the help of the Herald Tribune Flying Newsroom in covering this Florida assignment.]

OLD TOWN, Dixie County, Florida (upon the Suwanee River), Nov. 9.—This section of western Florida is stirred up over the most recent appearance of huge, three-toed tracks which have been the object of banter and apprehension since last February. These most recent tracks appeared on Oct. 17 near a popular tourist camp on the bank of Suwanee River. Their discovery coincided pretty well with the beginning of the winter tourist season.

The new tracks, similar to the ones which pestered the Clearwater region during the last tourist season, were discovered by Marx Cheney where they crossed his "Jungle Drive," a place where tourists can see the swamp country without leaving their automobiles.

The tracks led out of the Suwanee River, across a strip of land to a swamp and back across the strip to another section of the swamp. They were fourteen inches wide and fifteen inches long, with the center toe longer than the two outside toes. There were impressions at the end of each toe, indicating toenails.

Since then this little community beside the famous river has taken on the atmosphere of a "Who-Dun-It" mystery. To some the dark waters of the old river, which winds through the swamp on its way to the Gulf of Mexico, have taken on a sinister aspect. Others are racking their brains to determine how the tracks could have been man-made. At present the "Who Dun Its" far outnumber the "What Dun Its" and there are old

(Continued on page 22, column 5)

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NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 10 NOVEMBER 1948 - WEDNESDAY
PAGE: 1, 22, column 5-7.

NEWSPAPER: THE NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE
LOCATION: NEW YORK, NEW YORK
DATE: 26 MARCH 1955 - SATURDAY

Cup-Size Marmoset

MAR 26 1955

Ring-Tailed Lemur Among House Guests on 45th St.

The Ivan T. Sandersons, of 325 W. 45th St. have as house guests a hedgehog-tenrec and a ring-tailed lemur both of Madagascar and a slow loris from Indo-China and reported yesterday that the hedgehog-tenrec, the most recent arrival and the only one of its kind to arrive alive in the United States, was settling down as comfortably as can be expected of a hedgehog.

Mr. Sanderson has an animal farm near Blairstown, N. J., and rents animals for television programs, appearing with some of them himself once a week in the Garry Moore show. Sensitive charges, especially those arriving from far parts, are kept in the Sanderson apartment until they become acclimated and then sent to the farm.

Especially Sensitive

The hedgehog-tenrec, being especially rare and especially sensitive, has been the object of unusually tender hospitality since its arrival two weeks ago. It sleeps in Mr. Sanderson's bedroom and its every whim is humored.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanderson had grave doubts about their ability to meet the requirements of their new guest's diet for, when in Madagascar, it subsists upon insects and worms, neither of which flourish in great numbers in that part of 45th St. at this time of year.

The Sandersons had an idea that their little guest would turn up its trunk-like nose at bacon and eggs. After trying a few other dishes, they discovered to their great astonishment that boiled hare constituted the hedgehog-tenrec's idea of the supreme table delicacy.

With Onions

"He gets through a good-sized Belgian hare, prepared with onions and sliced apples, in a week," said Mr. Sanderson yesterday, still registering amazement.

The other animals, which have quarters in the Sanderson study, are less fastidious and will consume almost any fruit or vegetable that Mr. Sanderson picks up for them at an Eighth Ave. store.

Both the ring-tailed lemur, which somewhat resembles a racoon and the slow loris, a slothlike creature, are furry, fairly friendly creatures and entirely credible on first glance, but the hare-eating hedgehog-tenrec taxes the credulity of the uninformed observer.

Although about the size of a cat, it weighs only a pound and a half, including its long, slender nose, which would be called trunk in case of an elephant that size. It is thickly studded with grayish spines and resembles nothing familiar to other residents of W. 45th St. in their waking moments.

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